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OXFORD PRIZE POEMS.

S. Collingwood, Printer, Oxford.

OXFORD PRIZE POEMS:

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF SUCH

ENGLISH POEMS

AS HAVE

AT VARIOUS TIMES OBTAINED PRIZES

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SECOND EDITION.

OXFORD:

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MDCCCVII.

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1807

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems were written in conſequence of Prizes propoſed to the Univerſity for the beſt Compoſitions on their reſpective Subjects, and are the productions chiefly of Undergraduates: the firſt three were given by the Chancellor of the Univerſity; the remainder by perſons, whoſe names have not been made public.

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THE

CONQUEST OF QUEBEC:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVIII.

Ἐπίσασθε γὰρ δήπου ὅτι οὐκ ἐν τῷ πλήθει ἐστὶν, οὐδ' ἐν τῷ ἰσχύϊ ἡ ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ τὰς νίκας ποιοῦσα· ἀλλ' ὁπότεροι ἂν σὺν τοῖς θεοῖς ταῖς ψυχαῖς ἐρρωμενέστεροι ἴωσιν ἐπὶ τοὺς πολεμίους. *Xenoph. Cyri Exped.* lib. iii.

THE

CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

FAREWELL ye Naiads who your treſſes lave
Where Iſis rolls her unpolluted wave:
Far off to regions unexplor'd I fly,
To ſavage nations and a frozen ſky;
Where the Laurentian ſtream his copious ſtores
In whitening torrents to th' Atlantic pours;
Where never echo his ſteep banks along
Heard the ſweet accents of a Muſe's ſong;
But ſhouts of barb'rous diſſonance reſound,
And blood of warriors bathes the reeking ground.
Long time the baſhful Muſe, content to ſtray
Where liſt'ning ſwains approv'd her ſimple lay,

By art untutor'd, and unknown to fame,
Had learnt to warble only Delia's name;
Nor from her ſilent caves and grottos led
Had dar'd the crimſon fields of war to tread:
New ardors now her throbbing breaſt invade;
For themes untried ſhe quits the chequer'd ſhade;
Fierce tranſport bears her o'er th' embattled plain,
And ſofter pleaſures call her back in vain.
So, from the toils of martial ſervice freed,
Thro' flow'ry meadows roves the warrior ſteed;
Now plunges in the river's cryſtal tide,
To ſlake his thirſt, or cool his glowing ſide;
Now on ſoft herbage rolls in wanton play,
And lengthens out with eaſe th' inglorious day:
But when the trumpet's piercing clangor ſounds,
He leaps indignant o'er oppoſing mounds,
Untaſted leaves the guſting rill behind,
And flies to fame impetuous as the wind.

Where on a cliff QUEBEC's high tow'rs ariſe,
Braving with warlike ſhew the neighb'ring ſkies,
WOLFE all the various arts of combat tried,
And pour'd his thunders on its rocky ſide:
But though unſhaken ſtand the ſolid walls,
While ceaſeleſs the reſounding tempeſt falls,
Victorious hopes his dauntleſs breaſt inſpire,
Nor danger can appal, nor labour tire;
Armies from him receive the gen'rous rage,
And with new ſtrength increaſing toils engage;
Where through the ranks he turns his glowing eyes,
Again th' expiring flames of battle riſe.

Ere the ſtill evening's duſky ſhades prevail'd,
Far up the ſtream the crowded veſſels ſail'd;
There the bold Chief unfolds his mighty plan,
And martial fury ſpreads from man to man;
Till on her ſable pinions night deſcends,
And round the bands her friendly veil extends:

Then, ſwiftly borne by the retreating tide,
Unſeen and ſilent o'er the waves they glide;
And winding cautious near the hoſtile ſhore,
Its treach'rous ſhoals and op'ning creeks explore;
Till ſafely the appointed ſtrand they reach,
And ſpring tumultuous on the ſlipp'ry beach.

Where riſing hills the weſtern tow'rs incloſe,
And weak of fabric the low bulwark roſe;
Where France had truſted no advent'rous foe
Could gain the mountain lab'ring from below;
Planting his feet againſt its ſteepy ſide,
Foremoſt preſs'd Valour on with daring ſtride;
Sage Conduct, Reſolution void of fear,
And Perſeverance clos'd th' unſhaken rear.
Arduous they climb; and where the dubious way
Perplex'd with brakes and twiſting branches lay,
Through pathleſs wilds and unfrequented ſhades
Eager though ſlow advance the bold brigades;

With ceaſeleſs toil its craggy ſide aſcend,
And their thick phalanx o'er the plain extend.
Soon from th' Atlantic roſe the golden day,
Diſpell'd the gloom, and roll'd the miſts away;
To riſing winds the red-croſs banners ſtream,
And the bright arms of thronging cohorts gleam.
The ſons of Gaul, with horror in their eye,
Through ſcatter'd fogs the ſudden luſtre ſpy;
Theſe from their poſts in wild confuſion ſtart;
Theſe haſte the fatal tidings to impart;
The ſavage bands awake their deathful yell,
And the loud ſhout with hideous diſcord ſwell.
Yet, ere the legions to cloſe combat ran,
Some choſen warriors preſs'd before the van;
Where treach'rous ſhrubs protect the ſecret ſtand,
In dreadful ambuſh lurk th' inſidious band;
No vulgar deaths attend their fatal aim,
But warrior chiefs, the fav'rite ſons of fame.

Wolfe in the front of danger led the way,
And with ſtern pleaſure view'd the cloſe array:
On him their eyes the latent warriors bend,
And leaden deaths in hiſſing ſhow'rs deſcend;
His manly arm receives the griſly wound,
And the red current ſtreams upon the ground:
Yet from his troops the prudent Chief conceal'd
The guſhing tide, and ſtrode along the field.
At length the battle, front to front oppos'd,
In deeds of death and furious onſet clos'd:
Now echoing peals of mortal thunder roar,
And pitchy volumes cloud the combat o'er;
Now burſting flames the waſte of war diſplay,
And for a while recall the gleam of day.
So when thick flaſhes of the northern light
With ſtreamy ſparkles gild the face of night,
Sudden the blazing coruſcations fly,
Riſe the bright hills, and meet th' aſtoniſh'd eye;

Sudden the momentary proſpects fade,
And earth lies buried in ſurrounding ſhade.
Mean time fair Victʼry o'er the crimſon plains
Hov'ring, her ſcale in equal poiſe ſuſtains.
Soon as to Albion's ſons the goddeſs flew,
The Gauls retire, the victor troops purſue;
In black deſpair recoils the fainting band,
Sunk is each heart, and weaken'd ev'ry hand.
But while the Britiſh Chief his troops led on
To pluck thoſe laurels which their arms had won,
Some winged fate his mighty boſom tore,
And low to earth the gallant Warrior bore.
His friends with pity mark his parting breath,
And pauſe ſuſpended from the work of death.
No more the vanquiſh'd in their ſcatter'd rear
His well-known voice, inſpiring terrors, hear:
Elate with joy the bleeding Chief they view,
And the long labours of the day renew.

Now their defeated hopes the Britons mourn,
And from their graſp the wreath of conqueſt torn;
Till through the breaking ſquadrons Townſhend flies,
Revenge and fury ſparkling in his eyes;
Fierce over ſlaughter'd heroes tow'rs along,
Collects the war, and fires the yielding throng.

Meanwhile their Chief his ſad aſſociates laid
Beneath the covert of a neighb'ring ſhade;
Thence, as the ſanguine torrent ebb'd away,
He ſtrove the ſcene of tumult to ſurvey;
Rous'd by the martial thunder of the field,
By fits his dim expiring eyes unſeal'd;
Then, ſick'ning at the piercing blaze of light,
Turn'd from the ranks of war his aching ſight:
Yet, fondly anxious for his country's fame,
Long as the vital ſpirit feeds its flame,
Oft he requires of each attending friend
O'er the wide plain their careful view to ſend,

And mark if Gaul the conquering bands repell'd,
Or yet their flight the broken legions held.
" Sweet peace be thine," replied the warrior train,
" In this ſad hour, and ſoften ev'ry pain;
" For lo! thy Townſhend at his people's head
" Urges the rout, and conquers in thy ſtead,
" Reſiſtleſs bids the tide of ſlaughter flow,
" Scatters their ranks, and lays their heroes low."
To whom the Chief; " I die, ſince this is giv'n,
" Content, and aſk no other boon of heav'n."
He could no more; th' unfiniſh'd accents hung
In ſounds imperfect on his falt'ring tongue;
His mighty ſpirit fled, and mix'd with wind;
Yet virtue left a conſcious ſmile behind.

Nor longer now the bloody ſlaughter rag'd
With diſtant thunders: man with man engag'd:
Thoſe who from Caledonian hills deſcend,
Where tow'ring cliffs their rugged arms extend,

(Stern ſons of havoc, practis'd to obey
The various calls of ev'ry dreadful day;
Now in cloſe order and collected might
To wait the tumult of advancing fight;
Now fearleſs the divided lines expand,
Ravage at large, and mingle hand to hand!)
With piercing cries the hoſtile files invade,
And ſhake aloft in air the maſſy blade:
Where'er their falchions heap the ſlaughter round,
Crowds roll'd on crowds beſtrew the loaded ground
While ruſhing to the front with equal ſpeed,
Their brave companions of the war ſucceed.

With deſp'rate anguiſh torn and glowing ſhame,
That ill ſucceſſes blaſt his ancient fame,
Moncalm, in vain exerting ev'ry art,
Performs a leader's and a warrior's part:
But now no more his keen reproach controuls
The coward terrors that unman their ſouls:

No ſenſe of glory fires the vet'ran's breaſt,
With horror chill'd, and heav'n-bred awe depreſt.
As, where his ſquadrons urg'd their courſe along,
Raging he travers'd the diſorder'd throng,
Some Britiſh falchion ſped the deathful wound,
And hew'd th' indignant chieftain to the ground;
Wedg'd in the rout the gaſping hero lay,
And with faint murmur ſigh'd his ſoul away.

To ſwifter flight the Gallic legions yield,
And trembling quit the long conteſted field;
Part haſten to the ſtream whoſe waves contain
Th' extenſive limits of the fatal plain;
Part to the bulwarks, from whoſe lofty height
Their friends deſponding view th' unequal fight.

Soon as the morrow's ſun with genial ray
To the bleak climate gave returning day,
The victor's mercy Gallia's ſons implore,
And truſt the fickle chance of war no more;

Their ample gates unfold; along the ſtrand
In ſilent ſorrow moves the vanquiſh'd band;
While, fluſh'd with triumph, and of conqueſt vain,
Pours tow'rd the captive walls the Britiſh train.

Thus from their toil the glorious heroes reſt,
And peaceful rapture ſwells in ev'ry breaſt;
Save that as oft the glowing tale they tell
Of ſuch as bravely fought, or greatly fell,
Wolfe's early fate their penſive mind employs,
And manly ſorrows check their riſing joys.

Illuſtrious ſhade! if artleſs hands like mine
Could for an hero's urn the chaplet twine,
The Muſe for thee ſhould cull each op'ning bloom,
And with unfading garlands deck thy tomb:
For oh! what youth, whoſe rev'rent feet are led
To thoſe ſad manſions of the mighty dead,
Where martial trophies in rich ſculpture ſhow
The ſacred aſhes that repoſe below,

But, kindling at the view, for glory burns,
As on thy name his ſparkling eyes he turns ?
Ages to come ſhall thy great ſtory hear,
And pay the pious tribute of a tear;
Thy wond'rous deeds ſhall vet'ran ſires recite,
Thy prudence in debate, thy toils in fight;
And ev'ry warrior to the tale reply,
" Be mine like him to conquer, and to die."

MIDDLETON HOWARD,
WADHAM COLLEGE.

THE

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXI.

Εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης. HOM.

Who fights his Country's battle,
Does in his bosom feel a golden omen
Of victory.

THE

LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

YE ſouls illuſtrious, who in days of yore
With peerleſs might the Britiſh target bore;
Who, clad in wolf-ſkin, from the ſcythed car
Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed war;
Who dar'd your rudely-painted limbs oppoſe
To Chalybéan ſteel and Roman foes:
And ye of later age, though not leſs fame,
In tilt and tournament, the princely game
Of Arthur's barons, wont, by hardieſt ſport,
To claim the faireſt guerdon of the court;
Say, holy Shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll through your faithful ſons in nobler flood,

Than late, when George bade gird on ev'ry thigh
The myrtle-braided ſword of Liberty [a]?
Say, when the high-born Druid's magic ſtrain
Rous'd, on old Mona's top, a female train
To madneſs, and with more than mortal rage
Bade them, like furies, in the fight engage;
Frantic when each unbound her briſtling hair,
And ſhook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild deſpair;
Or when, in Creſſy's plain, the ſable might
Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight;
Say, holy Shades, did patriotic heat
In your big hearts with quicker tranſport beat
Than in your Sons, when forth like ſtorms they pour'd,
In Freedom's cauſe, the fury of the ſword;
Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
With Hawke who conquer'd, or with Wolfe who bled?

[a] Vide Ἁρμοδίου μέλος.

Poor is his triumph, and diſgrac'd his name,
Who draws the ſword for empire, wealth, or fame:
For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Though Fame announce him mightieſt of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue diſowns him, and his glories fade:
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans ſung,
No bleſſings chaunted from a nation's tongue:
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curſe of widows, and the orphan's tear,
Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his head:
Alive deteſted, and accurſt when dead.
Indignant of his deeds, the Muſe who ſings
Th' undaunted truth, and ſcorns to flatter kings,
Shall ſhew the Monſter in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake, or a ſtorm.

Not ſo the patriot Chief, who dar'd withſtand
The baſe invader of his native land;

Who made her weal his nobleſt, only end;
Rul'd, but to ſerve her; fought, but to defend;
" Her voice in council, and in war her ſword;
" Lov'd as her father, as her God ador'd;"
Who, firmly virtuous, and ſeverely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not ſave!
On worth like his the Muſe delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph or defeat;
Crowns with true glory, and with ſpotleſs fame,
And honours PAOLI's more than Frederick's name.

Here let the Muſe withdraw the blood-ſtain'd veil,
And ſhew the boldeſt ſon of public zeal:
Lo! SYDNEY, bending o'er the block! his mien,
His voice, his hand, unſhaken, clear, ſerene:
Yet no diffuſe harangue, declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd;
No ſpecious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death delaying, as afraid to die;

But ſternly ſilent down he bow'd, and prov'd
A calm, firm martyr to the cauſe he lov'd.
Unconquer'd patriot! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient freedom to reſtore;
Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And ſeal'd, by death, the leſſon that he taught.

Dear is the tye, that links the anxious ſire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love, that prompts the grateful youth
His ſire's fond cares and drooping age to ſooth:
Dear is the brother, ſiſter, huſband, wife;
Dear all the charities of ſocial life:
Nor wants firm friendſhip holy wreaths to bind
In mutual ſympathy the faithful mind:
But not th' endearing ſprings that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love;
Not all the ties that kindred boſoms bind,
Nor all in friendſhip's holy wreaths entwin'd,

Are half ſo dear, ſo potent to controul
The gen'rous workings of the patriot ſoul,
As is that holy voice, that cancels all
Theſe ties, that bids him for his country fall.
At this high ſummons, with undaunted zeal
He bares his breaſt, invites th' impending ſteel,
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one ſigh for all he leaves below.

Nor yet doth Glory, though her port be bold,
Her aſpect radiant, and her treſſes gold,
Guide through the walks of death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of war;
She ne'er diſdains the gentle vale of Peace,
Or olive ſhades of philoſophic eaſe,
More pleas'd on Iſis' ſilent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the ſpoil of battles home.

To read, with Newton's ken, the ſtarry ſky,
And God the ſame in all his orbs deſcry;

To lead forth Merit from her humble ſhade,
Extend to riſing Arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice ſtructure of the gen'rous Law,
That holds the freeborn ſoul in willing awe;
To ſwell the ſail of Trade, the barren plain
To bid with fruitage bluſh, and wave with grain;
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious ſigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye;
Theſe, theſe are deeds Britannia muſt approve,
Muſt nurſe their growth with all a parent's love;
Theſe are the deeds that public Virtue owns,
And, juſt to public virtue, Glory crowns.

CHRISTOPHER BUTSON,
NEW COLLEGE.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

OF

INOCULATION,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.

——quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et magnam Morbi deponere partem.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

OF

INOCULATION.

LONG had bewail'd Arabia's hapleſs ſwains
Their groves deſerted, and uncultur'd plains:
Thoſe happy plains where Nature ever gay
Proclaim'd the preſence of perpetual May,
Where, in her choiceſt treaſures bright array'd,
Luxuriant Nature ev'ry charm diſplay'd,
With giant ſtrides a ghaſtly Plague[a] o'erſpread,
And breath'd deſtruction on each fated head;
His motley front uprear'd the deadly Peſt,

[a] Small Pox.

And ſhook with ſavage pride his purpled creſt :
The ſcorching ſands of Afric gave him birth,
Thence ſprang the Fiend, and ſcourg'd th' afflicted earth :
Fiend fierce as this ne'er ſaw aſtoniſh'd time
Creep from old Nilus' monſter-teeming ſlime ;
Each vale now felt the deadly tyrant's force,
Nor tears nor vows could ſtop his deſtin'd courſe :
In vain was ſung the mighty Prophet's name,
To Mecca's hallow'd walls the Monſter came ;
E'en in the ſacred temple's inmoſt cell,
Check'd in mid pray'r, the pious pilgrim fell ;
Nor could Medina's fabled tomb withſtand
The baleful vengeance of his death-fraught hand.
Thoſe balmy gales that whilom could diſpenſe
A thouſand odours to the raviſh'd ſenſe,
With fragrant coolneſs pleaſing now no more,
Spread through the tainted ſky their deadly ſtore :

With anxious fear the fainting mother preſs'd
The ſmiling infant to her venom'd breaſt;
The ſmiling babe, unconſcious of his fate,
Imbib'd with greedy joy the baneful treat:
Oft as the ſwain beneath the citron ſhade
Pour'd his ſoft paſſion to the liſt'ning maid,
Infection's poiſon hung on ev'ry breath,
And each perſuaſive ſigh was charg'd with death.

Blind Superſtition with the Fiend conſpir'd,
Increas'd his conqueſts, and his fury fir'd;
" My ſons," ſhe cried, " with patient boldneſs wait
" The fix'd predeſtin'd laws of rigid fate;
" Nor Heav'n's juſt vengeance to oppoſe preſume,
" But each with ſilent rev'rence meet his doom."

Thus, drunk with conqueſt, larger ſtill he grew,
And gather'd tenfold fury as he flew:
Arm'd with the ſhafts of fate, in ireful mood
He paſs'd Euphrates' far-reſounding flood;

From Schiraz' walls to ſnow-clad Taurus' height
Deſponding Perſia groan'd beneath his weight;
In vain to Heav'n her ſacred flames aſcend,
On with reſiſtleſs fury ruſh'd the Fiend;
In vain was Mithraz call'd his wrath to 'ſuage,
The blazing God increas'd the Monſter's rage.

As when his empire ſultry Cancer gains
The ſcorching whirlwinds ſcour along the plains,
The ſtately tamariſk and graceful pine
Shrink from the blaſt, and all their charms reſign,
The bright anana's gaudy bloom is fled,
The ſick'ning orange bows her languid head;
So ſpread deſtruction at the Tyrant's nod,
And beauty's bloſſom wither'd where he trod:
The God of Love in ſilent anguiſh broke
His blunted arrows and his uſeleſs yoke;
Aſide for grief he flung his looſen'd bow,
And trembling fled before th' impetuous foe.

Cloy'd with the luſcious banquets of the Eaſt,
In Europe's climes he fought a nobler feaſt;
Here as he reſted on the ſea-girt ſhore,
To plan freſh conqueſts and new coaſts explore,
From ocean's waves he ſaw Britannia riſe;
Her beauteous luſtre ſtruck his raviſh'd eyes:
Pleas'd with a ſmile he view'd thoſe heav'nly ſpoils,
The laſt, beſt guerdon of his ſavage toils.—
He came—and rapine mark'd the Monſter's way,
Sad was the ſcene, for beauty was the prey.
Remorſeleſs Tyrant! ſee that alter'd face,
Which beam'd erewhile with each celeſtial grace,
With gloomy frowns and furrow'd ſeams o'erſpread;
And ev'ry ſmile and ev'ry charm is fled!
Thoſe beauteous eyes, whoſe ſoul-diſſolving fires
Rais'd in th' enraptur'd ſwain love's ſoft deſires,
Now he beholds obſcur'd in putrid night,
And turns with deep-felt horror from the ſight.

From bleak Plinlimmon's ſtar-encircled brow
With grief Britannia view'd her country's woe;
Her ſea-green robes ſhe tore and faded crown,
And caſt in rage her oaken ſceptre down;
" Are theſe the bleſt and envied plains," ſhe cried,
" Where Mirth and Pleaſure ever young preſide?
" Huſh'd are thoſe ſounds that warbled through the
" grove
" The artleſs ſtrains of Liberty and Love,
" Now chang'd to frantic notes of wild deſpair,
" Which fill with piercing ſhrieks th' affrighted air!
" Ah! luckleſs iſle! to whom too-bounteous Heav'n
" Its ſweeteſt ſtores and choiceſt boon has giv'n,
" Which, like the bluſhing vi'let's rich perfume,
" But tempt ſome ruffian hand to ſpoil their bloom."
Thus in ſoft ſtrains complain'd the ſorrowing queen,
And view'd with tear-ſwoln eyes the mournful ſcene;
When, pierc'd with grief at ſad Britannia's woes,

Her country's guardian Montague [b] aroſe;
Pure patriot zeal her ev'ry thought inſpir'd,
Glow'd on her cheek, and all her boſom fir'd.
She ſaw the Tyrant rage without controul,
While juſt revenge inflam'd her gen'rous ſoul;
Full well ſhe knew, when beauty's charms decay'd,
Britannia's drooping laurels ſoon would fade:
Pierc'd with deep anguiſh at th' afflictive thought,
And whelm'd with ſhame, a heav'n-taught nymph [c]
ſhe ſought,
Whoſe potent arm, with wondrous power endu'd,
Had oft on Turkey's plains the Fiend ſubdu'd.
Obedient to her pray'r the willing Maid
In pity came to ſad Britannia's aid:
"Weep not," ſhe cried, "'tis mine with ſoothing
"balm
"The Fiend to ſoften, and his fury calm;

[b] Lady M. Wortley Montague. [c] Inoculation.

" See! where I fly the dreaded foe to meet,
" And lay the vanquiſh'd Tyrant at my feet:
" Soon ſhall his wings the bird of peace expand,
" And joys long loſt ſhall bleſs the ſmiling land;
" Again ſhall Health and Mirth united rove,
" Again ſhall Beauty light the torch of Love."

She ſpake, and quickly through the yielding air
Swift as a meteor ſhot the lovely Fair;
Through the ſad plains her friendly courſe ſhe ſped,
Then fraught with mighty pow'r her arm outſpread,
And thrice ſhe wav'd it o'er the Monſter's head:
He felt its force; and, ſtruck with ſudden fear,
Feeble he halted in his fierce career,
With haggard eye the virgin form ſurvey'd,
And in mid air his lifted ſabre ſtay'd;
Weak and more weak the conſcious Demon grew,
His tow'ring bulk contracted to the view.—
Thus as of old in Merlin's magic reign,

When mighty Paynims ravag'd ev'ry plain,
Vaply ſubdu'd by ſome ſuperior charm,
The pond'rous club forſook their weaken'd arm;
Through their chill'd veins a ſhiv'ring horror ran,
And the ſtern giant ſhrunk into the man.
" Henceforth, fall'n Tyrant!" cries the Nymph;
" no more
Hope that juſt Heav'n will thy loſt pow'r reſtore;
Let now no more thy touch profane defile
The ſacred beauties of Britannia's iſle:
By me protected ſhall they now deride
Thy baffled fury and thy vanquiſh'd pride;
Sacred to me, near Thames's level mead,
A beauteous Temple[d] rears its rev'rend head;
There meek Benevolence before the gate,
And ſoft-ey'd Pity, lovely ſiſters, wait;
With open arms the ſacred virgins ſtand,

[d] Small Pox Hoſpital.

" To ſhield the victim from thy ruthleſs hand.
" Fly then, curs'd Exile! to ſome deſert coaſt,
" There wail thine honours, and thine empire loſt;
" For now, ſecur'd by ev'ry power divine,
" Britannia miſtreſs of the world ſhall ſhine,
" With joy and victory for ever crown'd,
" Alike for beauty, as for arms renown'd."

WILLIAM LIPSCOMB,
CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCXCI.

—Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis
Durius. LUCRET.

——Quæ
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit. HOR.

SUBJECT.

On the State of the Aboriginal Britons previo
to the Refinements introduced by the Romans.

THE ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS to the firſt Navigators of the South Seas.—Wi
ſtate of the country—contraſted with Italy as improved by cu
ture.—Aboriginal Britons conſidered as individuals—the Ma
—the Woman—conſidered as to their national character—
Their domeſtic ſtate—promiſcuous concubinage—ignorance
other countries—Deſcription of a day in time of peace, i
cluding the moſt ſtriking circumſtances of their domeſtic œc
nomy—Their wars—fondneſs for war—internal diſſenſio
and their conſequences—manner of fighting—behaviour aft
a defeat—treatment of captives after a victory.—Religion—th
objects which give riſe to natural religion.—Druid Grove—
Magic rites, and human ſacrifices—Bards—Doctrines—
Tranſmigration and immortality of the ſoul, and its effects—
Characteriſtics of liberty in the ſavage ſtate of this iſland—it
extinction in the early ſtages of our monarchy—its revival an
influence in the preſent civilized ſtate of manners, as producin
public ſecurity, giving riſe to public works, and calling forth
the powers of the mind.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS.

YE ſons of Albion, who with venturous ſails
In diſtant oceans caught Antarctic gales;
Dar'd with bold prow the boiſterous main explore,
Where never keel had plow'd the wave before;
Saw ſtars unnam'd illumine other ſkies,
Which ne'er had ſhone on European eyes;
View'd on the coaſt the wondering ſavage ſtand,
Unclad, and freſh from his Creator's hand;
While woods and tangling brakes, where wild he ran,
Bore a rough ſemblance of primeval man:—
A form like this, illuſtrious ſouls, of yore
Your own Britannia's ſea-girt iſland wore;

Ere Daniſh lances bluſh'd with Ælla's blood;
Or blue-ey'd Saxons ſail'd on Medway's flood;
Or Dover's towering cliff from high deſcried
Cæſar's bold barks, which ſtemm'd a deep untried.
Through fleecy clouds the balmy ſpring-tide ſmil'd;
But all its ſweets were waſted on a wild;
In vain mild Autumn ſhone with mellowing gleam;
No bending fruitage bluſh'd beneath its beam.
Rudely o'erſpread with ſhadowy foreſts lay
Wide trackleſs waſtes, that never ſaw the day:
Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,
Frown'd rough and ſhaggy with the tangled thorn:
Through joyleſs heaths, and valleys dark with woods,
Majeſtic rivers roll'd their uſeleſs floods:
Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chace,
Dreading the latent bog and green moraſs:
While, like a blaſting mildew, wide were ſpread
Blue thickening miſts in ſtagnant marſhes bred.

O'er ſcenes thus wild adventurous Cæſar ſtray'd,
And joyleſs view'd the conqueſts he had made;
And bleſs'd Italia's happier plains and ſkies,
Through pureſt air where yellow olives riſe;
From elm to elm where ſtretching tendrils twine,
Bending with cluſters of the purple vine:
While, ſpread o'er ſunny hill and verdant wood,
Stray the white flocks, which drink Clitumnus' flood.

Rude as the wilds around his ſylvan home
In ſavage grandeur ſee the Briton roam.
Bare were his limbs, and ſtrung with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature caſt in giant-mould.
O'er his broad brawny ſhoulders looſely flung
Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.
His waiſt an iron-belted falchion bore,
Maſſy, and purpled deep with human gore:
His ſcarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around
Fantaſtic horror-ſtriking figures frown'd,

Which, monſter-like, ev'n to the confines ran
Of nature's work, and leſt him hardly man.
His knitted brows and rolling eyes impart
A direful image of his ruthleſs heart;
Where war and human bloodſhed brooding lie,
Like thunders lowering in a gloomy ſky.

But you, illuſtrious Fair Ones[a], wont to brave
Helvellin's ſtorms, and ſport in Darwent's wave,
To your high worth ſubmiſs the ſavage ſtood,
As Gambia's lions reverence princely blood.
He made no rubied lip nor ſparkling eye
The ſhrine and god of his idolatry;

[a] Ineſſe enim ſanctum quid et providum fœminis putant. Tac. de moribus Germ. Ἅπαντες γὰρ σῆς δεισιδαιμονίας ἀρχηγὺς οἴονται τὰς γυναῖκας. Strabo lib. vii. What is ſaid of the ancient German women is applied by Mr. Maſon, and our early hiſtorians, to our countrywomen of earlier ages. The important offices, which they filled in the government, ſo unuſual in the ſavage ſtate, fully juſtify this application.

But, proudly bending to a juſt controul,
Bow'd in obeiſance to the female ſoul;
And deem'd, ſome effluence of th' Omniſcient mind
In woman's beauteous image lay enſhrin'd;
With inſpiration on her boſom hung,
And flow'd in heav'nly wiſdom from her tongue.
Fam'd among warrior-chiefs the crown ſhe wore;
At freedom's call the gory falchion bore;
Rul'd the triumphant car; and rank'd in fame
Bonduca's with Caractacus's name.

No tender virgin heard th' impaſſion'd youth
Breathe his warm vows, and ſwear eternal truth:
No ſire, encircled by a blooming race,
View'd his own features in his infant's face:
The ſavage knew not wedlock's chaſter rite [b];

[b] Uxores habent deni duodenique inter ſe communes.

Si qui ſunt ex his nati, eorum *habentur* liberi, a quibus primum virgines quæque ductæ ſunt. Cæſar De Bello Gallico.

The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light;
As paſſion fir'd, the lawleſs pair were bleſs'd;
And babes unfather'd hung upon the breaſt.

Such was the race, who drank the light of day,
When loſt in weſtern waves Britannia lay.
Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,
Nor thought that ocean roll'd round other ſhores.
Viewing the fires, that blaz'd around their ſkies,
Mid the wide world of waters ſet and riſe,
They vainly deem'd the twinkling orbs of light
For them alone illum'd the vault of night;
For them alone the golden lamp of day
Held its bright progreſs through the heav'n's high way.

When the chill breeze of morning overhead
Wav'd the dark boughs, that roof'd his ſylvan bed,
Up the light Briton ſprung—to chaſe the deer
Through Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear.

Languid at noon his fainting limbs he caſt
On the warm bank, and ſought his coarſe repaſt.
With acorns, ſhaken from the neighbouring oak,
Or ſapleſs bark [c], that from the trunk he broke,
His meal he made; and in the cavern'd dell
Drank the hoarſe wave, that down the rough rocks fell.
At eve, retracing ſlow his morning road,
With wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode.
No city roſe with ſpires and turrets crown'd;
No iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd:
But plain and ſimple, in the ſhadowy wood,
The ſhapeleſs, rude-conſtructed hamlets ſtood:
O'er the deep trench an earthy mound aroſe,
To guard the ſylvan town from beaſts and foes.
The crackling fire, beneath the hawthorn ſhade,

[c] Dio Nicæus ſays, that the Britons in the woods would live upon roots or bark of trees.

With cheerful blaze illum'd the darkſome glade.
Ofttimes beneath the ſheltering oak was ſpread
With leaves and ſpoils of beaſts the ruſtic bed:
In open ſky he reſts his head, and ſees
The ſtars, that twinkle through the waving trees.
On his bare breaſt the chilling dews deſcend;
His yellow locks the midnight tempeſts rend;
Around, the empty wolf in hunger prowls,
And ſhakes the lonely foreſt with his howls:
Yet health and toil weigh down the ſenſe, and ſteep
His wearied aching limbs in balmy ſleep;
Till the pale twilight opes the glimmering glades,
And ſlowly gains upon the mid-wood ſhades.

But ah! unwelcome roſe the peaceful morn
On Albion's ſons, for war and glory born.

Lo! how Britannia's woods and hills reſound
With martial yells, and blaze with arms around!
War is their ſport: at day-ſpring forth they go,

With ſpear and ſhield, and find or make a foe;
Join the wild fight; and with the ſetting ſun
Bear home their plunder; and the war is done.
'Twixt bordering tribes eternal diſcord reign'd;
Not foreign foes theſe native feuds reſtrain'd:
Elſe nurs'd in arms, and prodigal of breath,
And, reft of freedom, nobly wooing death,
Had Albion's warlike ſtates united pour'd
The godlike vengeance of the patriot ſword;
Julius [d] had ſteer'd with daring helm in vain
To iſles emboſom'd in th' Atlantic main;
Nor Rome's imperial eagle, borne on high,
Had ſpread her pinions in our northern ſky.

Furious as mountain-beaſts, the tribes engage,
With yells, and clanging arms [e], and frantic rage.

[d] Vide Tacitus.

[e] Their arms are a ſhield and ſhort ſpear, in the lower end whereof is a piece of braſs, like an apple, that by ſhaking it

Rapid the Briton hurls the bolts of war,
Mounted, like Fate, upon his ſcythed car!
Reſiſtleſs ſcours the plain, and burſts the files,
As mad Tornadoes ſweep the Indian iſles;
The ſcythes and hooks with mangled limbs hung round,
Yet quick, and writhing ghaſtly with the wound:
Adown the madding wheels in torrents pour
Th' empurpled ſmoking ſtreams of human gore:
While high in air the ſighs and ſhrieks and groans
Aſcend, one direful peal of mortal moans.
Pale, panic-ſtruck, and fix'd as in a trance,
The Romans ſtood, and dropp'd the uſeleſs lance:
And fear'd, their venturous banners were unfurl'd
Beyond the confines of the mortal world;
And more than men, horrific in their might,
Dar'd them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.

they may terrify the enemy.—Camden's Britannia, taken from Dio Nicæus, out of Xiphilin's Epitome.

Thus fought Britannia's ſons;—but when o'er-
thrown,
More keen and fierce the flame of freedom ſhone.
Ye woods, whoſe cold and lengthen'd tracts of ſhade
Roſe on the day when ſun and ſtars were made;
Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow
Tumble your flood, and ſhake the vale below;
Majeſtic Skiddaw, round whoſe trackleſs ſteep
Mid the bright ſunſhine darkſome tempeſts ſweep:
To you the patriot fled; his native land
He ſpurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand;
In you to roam at large; to lay his head
On the bleak rock, unclad, unhous'd, unfed:
Hid in the aguiſh fen[f] whole days to reſt,
The numbing waters gather'd round his breaſt:

[f] Many ancient writers aſſert, that the Britons in their retreat would hide themſelves in the bogs up to their chins in water.—Dio Nicæus, &c.

To ſee Deſpondence cloud each riſing morn,
And dark Deſpair hang o'er the years unborn:
Yet here, ev'n here, he greatly dar'd to lie,
And drain the luſcious dregs of liberty;
Outcaſt of nature, fainting, waſted, wan,
To breathe an air his own, and live a Man.
But [g] when with conqueſt crown'd, he taught his foes,
What free-born man on free-born man beſtows.
He, in the pride and inſolence of war,
Ne'er bound th' indignant captive to his car;
Nor with ignoble toils or ſervile chains
Debas'd the blood that ſwells the hero's veins;
Nor meanly barter'd for unworthy gold
The ſoul that animates the human mould:

[g] For the train of thought through this paragraph, the author is indebted to a ſpeech of Caractacus in Mr. Maſon's Tragedy.

But reverenc'd kindred valour, though o'erthrown;
Diſdain'd to hear a warrior meanly moan;
Gave him to die; and by the generous blow
Reſtor'd that freedom he had loſt below.
For ſimple nature taught his ſoul to riſe
To nobler powers, and realms beyond the ſkies.
Though to his view th' Almighty voice had ne'er
Stay'd the proud ſun amid his bright career;
Pour'd from the flinty rock the cryſtal ſtream;
Or ſhed on ſightleſs eyes the gladſome beam;
Bad the deep waters of the main divide,
And ope an highway through the pathleſs tide;
Or ſtiffen'd corſes, cold and pale in death,
Bluſh with new life, and heave again with breath!
Yet gazing round him he beheld the God
Hold in all nature's works his dread abode:
He ſaw him beaming in the ſilver moon,
Effulgent burning in the blaze of noon,

On the dark boſom of the ſtorm reclin'd,
Speaking in thunder, riding on the wind,
And, mid the earthquake's awful riot hurl'd,
Shaking the deep foundations of the world.

Hence Superſtition ſprung in elder time,
Wild as the ſoil, and gloomy as the clime.
Midſt rocks and waſtes the Grove tremendous roſe:
O'er the rude altars hung in dread repoſe
A twilight pale; like the dim ſickly noon,
When the mid-ſun retires behind the moon.
From ſounding caverns ruſh'd the darkſome flood;
Each antique trunk was ſtain'd with human blood.
'Twas ſung, that birds in terror fled the ſhade [h];
That lightnings harmleſs round the branches play'd;
And, in the hour of fate, the Central Oak
Shook with the ſpirit of the God, and ſpoke.
The Roman check'd awhile his conquering band,

h Vide Lucan's deſcription of a Druid's Grove, b. iii.

And dropp'd th' imperial Eagle from his hand;
And ſeem'd, while ſhuddering borne through Mona's wood,
To tread the confines of the Stygian flood.

What direful rites theſe gloomy haunts diſgrace,
Bane of the mind, and ſhame of man's high race!
'Twas deem'd, the circles of the waving wand,
The myſtic figures, and the muttering band,
Held o'er all nature's works as pow'rful ſway,
As the great Lord and Maker of the day.
Rocks, by infernal ſpells and magic prayer,
Shook from their baſe, and trembled high in air:
The blaſted ſtars their fading light withdrew;
The labouring moon ſhed down a baleful dew;
Spirits of hell aerial dances led;
And rifted graves gave up the pale cold dead.
Imperial Man, creation's lord and pride,
To crown the ſacrificial horrors, died;

That Heſus, direly pleas'd, in joyous mood,
Might fleſh their ſwords, and glut their ſcythes with blood;
And Taranis, amidſt his tempeſts, ſmile,
And roll innocuous thunders o'er their iſle.

By rites thus dread the Druid Prieſts impreſs'd
A ſacred horror on the ſavage breaſt.

Hail, heav'n-born Seers, whoſe magic fingers ſtrung
The Cambrian lyre; who Locrine's triumphs ſung
To the dark haunts of Snowdon's icy caves,
Plinlimmon's cliffs, and Deva's haunted waves;
Or where, as Vaga roll'd her winding flood,
High on the grey rocks wav'd the hanging wood.
Ye, wandering frequent by romantic ſtreams,
With harps, that glitter'd to the moon's pale beams[1],
Sooth'd by your midnight hymns the warrior's ghoſt,

[1] For the image in this line the author is indebted to Mr. Maſon's Caractacus.

Whoſe cold bones whiten'd Arvon's dreary coaſt.
Ye ſung the courſes of the wandering moon;
The ſun-beam darken'd in the blaze of noon;
The ſtars unerring in their glittering ſpheres;
The ſure proceſſion of the circling years;
And the dread Powers, that rule the world on high,
And hold celeſtial ſynods in the ſky.
When hoſtile nations met with barbarous clang,
And the wild heath with yelling ſquadrons rang;
When beams of light from ſerried lances ſtream'd,
And vivid flaſhes o'er the high heav'ns gleam'd;
Fir'd by your magic ſongs, the Briton pour'd
A tenfold fury; dar'd th' uplifted ſword;
Envy'd the ſhades of chiefs in battle ſlain;
And burn'd to join them on th' ethereal plain.
For warrior-ſouls, ye ſung, would deathleſs bloom,
When the cold limbs lay mouldering in the tomb;
From the pale ſtiff'ning corſes wing their flight,

And riſe in kindred mould to life and light;
Again in arms fill the dire yell of war;
Again to havoc drive the ſcythed car;
Till earth and air and ſeas ſhould ſink in flame,
The fiery deluge melting nature's frame:
When, amidſt blazing orbs, the warrior-ſoul,
Borne through the milky way and ſtarry pole,
Would painleſs tenant through eternal years
Manſions of pureſt bliſs in brighter ſpheres:
In martial ſports engage its kindred ſhades,
Tame the wild ſteeds, and brandiſh gleaming blades:
Or on the clouds reclin'd, with breaſt on fire,
Liſt the heroic ſtrains of Cadwall's lyre;
In Mador's verſe renew its mortal toils;
And ſhine through Hoel's ſongs in hoſtile ſpoils.

In Albion's ancient days, midſt northern ſnows,
Hardy and bold, immortal FREEDOM roſe.
She roam'd the ſounding margin of the deep,

Conway's wild bank, and Cader's craggy ſteep:
A bloody wolf-ſkin o'er her back was ſpread;
An axe ſhe bore; and wild weeds grac'd her head [k].
On Snowdon's cliffs reclin'd, ſhe watch'd on high
The tempeſt-driven clouds, that croſs'd the ſky;
Or caught with liſtening ear the ſounding gale,
When the dread war-ſong ſhook the diſtant dale.
At battle's cloſe ſhe roam'd th' enſanguin'd plain,
And gaz'd the threatening aſpects of the ſlain.
Now from ignoble ſloth ſhe rarely roſe,
For ſavage Freedom ſinks to mute repoſe;
Now to wild joys, and the bowl's maddening powers,
Gave up the torpid ſenſe and liſtleſs hours;
Now joyful ſaw the naked ſword diſplay'd,
Tho' brother's blood flow'd reeking from the blade.
By tyrants ſunk ſhe roſe more proudly great,
As ocean ſwells indignant in the ſtrait;

[k] Vide Chatterton's Ode to Freedom.

And, borne in chains from Cambria's mountains bleak[1],
Rais'd virtue's generous bluſh on Cæſar's cheek.

But ah! full many a dark and ſtormy year
She dropp'd o'er Albion's iſle the patriot tear.
Retir'd to mountains, from the craggy dell
She caught the Norman curfeu's tyrant knell:
Sad to her view the baron's caſtle frown'd
Bold from the ſteep, and aw'd the plains around:
She ſorrowing heard the papal thunders roll,
And mourn'd th' ignoble bondage of the ſoul:
She bluſh'd, O Cromwell, bluſh'd at Charles's doom;
And wept, miſguided Sidney, o'er thy tomb.

But now reviv'd, ſhe boaſts a purer cauſe,
Refin'd by ſcience, form'd by generous laws;
High hangs her helmet in the banner'd hall,
Nor ſounds her clarion, but at honour's call:

[1] Vide Tacitus's account of Caractacus at the throne of Claudius.

Now walks the land with olive chaplets crown'd,
Exalting worth, and beaming ſafety round:
With ſecret joy and conſcious pride admires
The patriot ſpirit, which herſelf inſpires;
Sees barren waſtes with unknown fruitage bloom;
Sees Labour bending patient o'er the loom;
Sees Science rove through academic bowers;
And peopled cities lift their ſpiry towers:
Trade ſwells her ſails, wherever ocean rolls,
Glows at the line, and freezes at the poles:
While thro' unwater'd plains and wondering meads
Waves not its own th' obedient river leads.

But chief the godlike Mind, which bears impreſs'd
Its Maker's glorious image full confeſs'd;
Nobleſt of works created; more divine
Than all the ſtarry worlds that nightly ſhine;
Form'd to live on, unconſcious of decay,
When the wide univerſe ſhall melt away:

The Mind, which, hid in ſavage breaſts of yore,
Lay, like Golconda's gems, an uſeleſs ore,
Now greatly dares ſublimeſt aims to ſcan;
Enriches ſcience, and ennobles man;
Unveils the ſemblance, which its God beſtow'd,
And draws more near the fount, from whence it flow'd.

GEORGE RICHARDS, B. A.
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PALESTINE:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.

SYNOPSIS.

LAMENTATION over the miſeries of Paleſtine—The guardian angels of the land invoked—Subject propoſed—Preſent appearance of the country, with its preſent inhabitants geographically deſcribed, beginning from the north—The Druſes, from their ſituation and importance, firſt noticed—Contraſt between the inhabitants of mountain and plain—Saracens and Bedouins (Nebaioth and Kedar)—Modern Jews—their degraded ſtate of baniſhment—Appeal to the Almighty in their behalf, founded upon his miraculous interpoſitions of old—Their former greatneſs—David—Solomon—His ſplendour—Popular ſuperſtitions reſpecting him—Improved ſtate of the arts among the Jews—Their Temple—Firmneſs of the Jews under misfortunes—derived principally from their hopes of the Meſſiah—His advent—miracles—crucifixion—Conſequent puniſhment of the Jews, in the deſtruction of Jeruſalem by the Romans, and total deſolation of the country—Scenes of Chriſt's ſufferings, however, continued to be venerated—Pilgrimages—Holy Sepulchre—Empreſs Helena—Cruſades—Nations which embarked in them deſcribed—Engliſh heroiſm—Edward the Firſt—Richard Cœur de Lion—Paleſtine ſtill the ſcene of Britiſh valour—Acre—Concluſion.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy ſons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, ſad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild deſert rears its craggy ſtone?
While ſuns unbleſt their angry luſtre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims ſeek the ſcanty ſpring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all thoſe kings ſubdu'd?
No martial myriads muſter in thy gate;
No ſuppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and ſwell the tide of ſong:

But lawleſs Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of reſtleſs Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing[a] beneath the ivy ſhade.

Ye guardian ſaints! ye warrior ſons of heaven[b],
To whoſe high care Judæa's ſtate was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A hoſt of gods, on Sion's towery ſteep[c]!
If e'er your ſecret footſteps linger ſtill
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
If e'er your ſong on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd ſo well;

[a] Alluding to the uſual manner in which ſleep is repreſented in ancient ſtatues. See alſo Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. "κνώσ-
"σων ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ."

[b] Authorities for theſe celeſtial warriors may be found, Joſh. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joſeph. Ed. Hudſ. vi. p. 1282. et alibi paſſim.

[c] It is ſcarcely neceſſary to mention the lofty ſite of Jeruſalem. "The hill of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the
"hill of Baſhan."

(For, oft, 'tis ſaid, in Kedron's palmy vale
Myſterious harpings[d] ſwell the midnight gale,
And, bleſt as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in ſoft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)
Forgive, bleſt ſpirits, if a theme ſo high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minſtrelſy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breaſt inſpire
With one faint ſpark of Milton's ſeraph fire,
Then ſhould my Muſe[e] aſcend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and ſaints above!
Tho', Salem, now, the ſpoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wafted land;
Tho' weak, and whelm'd beneath the ſtorms of fate,

[d] See Sandys, and other travellers into Aſia.

[e] Common practice, and the authority of Milton, ſeem ſufficient to juſtify uſing this term as a perſonification of poetry.

Thy houſe is left unto thee deſolate[f];
Tho' thy proud ſtones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And ſeas of ſand o'ertop thy mouldering wall;
Yet ſhall the Muſe to Fancy's ardent view
Each ſhadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the ſeer[g] on Piſgah's topmoſt brow
With gliſtening eye beheld the plain below,
With preſcient ardour drank the ſcented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye ſhall ſcan the proſpect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's[h] tide;
The flinty waſte, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of ſmooth Ardeni's[h] rill;
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays[i];

[f] Matth. xxiv. 38. [g] Moſes.

[h] Almotana is the oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

[i] The mountains of Paleſtine are full of caverns, which are

Or, where the tempeſt rives the hoary ſtone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conſcious freedom bold,
Thoſe ſtormy ſeats the warrior Druſes[k] hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In ſullen homage to the Thracian ſteel,
Teach their pale deſpot's waning moon[l] to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain ſpear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your ſabres ſhine,

generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, paſſim.

k The untameable ſpirit, feodal cuſtoms, and affection for Europeans, which diſtinguiſh this extraordinary race, who boaſt themſelves to be a remnant of the Cruſaders, are well deſcribed in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is alſo very intereſting. Puget de S. Pierre compiled a ſmall volume on their hiſtory; Paris, 1763. 12mo.

l "The Turkiſh ſultans, whoſe moon ſeems faſt approaching "to its wane." Sir W. Jones's 1ſt Diſc. to the Aſiatic Society.

The native guard of feeble Paleſtine,
O ever thus, by no vain boaſt diſmay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar ſhade!
What tho' no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white boſom of the Tyrian ſail;
Tho' now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Luſitanian gold [m];
Tho' not for you the pale and ſickly ſlave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet your's the lot, in proud contentment bleſt,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil reſt.
No robber rage the ripening harveſt knows;
And unreſtrain'd the generous vintage flows [n]:

[m] The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarſhiſh.

[n] In the ſouthern parts of Paleſtine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not ſure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppreſſion to which the cultivators of vineyards are ſubject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

Nor leſs your ſons to manlieſt deeds aſpire,
And Aſia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep ſinking in the roſy main,
The weſtern Sun forſakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted luſtre ſhed,
And pour their lateſt light on Carmel's head.
Yet ſhines your praiſe, amid ſurrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For, few the ſouls that ſpurn a tyrant's chain,
And ſmall the bounds of freedom's ſcanty reign.
As the poor outcaſt on the cheerleſs wild,
Arabia's parent °, claſp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam:
My ſorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
And ſouthward throws her half-averted ſight.
For ſad the ſcenes Judæa's plains diſcloſe,

° Hagar.

A dreary waſte of undiſtinguiſh'd woes:
See War untir'd his crimſon pinions ſpread,
And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead!
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains[p] ſhine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, riſe, and Kedar, thine[q]!
'Tis your's the boaſt to mark the ſtranger's way,
And ſpur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouſe your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waſte of war;
Nor ſpare the hoary head, nor bid your eye[r]
Revere the ſacred ſmile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whoſe fiery courſers feed
Where waves on Kiſhon's bank the whiſpering reed;
And their's the ſoil, where, curling to the ſkies,

[p] The watering places are generally beſet with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

[q] See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Valeſ.

[r] "Thine eye ſhall not ſpare them."

Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's ſacrifice[s].
While Iſrael's ſons, by ſcorpion curſes driven,
Outcaſts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
Through the wide world in friendleſs exile ſtray,
Remorſe and ſhame ſole comrades of their way,
With dumb deſpair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power ador'd!
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And refluent Jordan ſought his trembling ſource[t];
If at Thy Name like ſheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
To Iſrael's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raiſe from earth Thy long-neglected vine[u]!

[s] A miſerable remnant of Samaritan worſhip ſtill exiſts on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his converſation with the high prieſt.

[t] Pſalm cxiv.

[u] See Pſalm lxxx. 8—14.

Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clufters tear.
Was it for this ſhe ſtretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the weſtern main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs ſhe threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
For this, proud Edom ſlept beneath her ſhade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?
O feeble boaſt of tranſitory power!
Vain, fruitleſs truſt of Judah's happier hour!
Not ſuch their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:
Not ſuch their hope, when thro' the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light:
Not, when fierce Conqueſt urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd ſtern Canaan from his iron car:
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,

In rude array, the harneſs'd Amorite[x]:
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents ſtay'd,
The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd;
The Moon, obedient, trembled at the ſound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!
Let Sinai tell—for ſhe beheld his might,
And God's own darkneſs veil'd her myſtic height:
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd:)
Let Sinai tell—but who ſhall dare recite
His praiſe, his power, eternal, infinite?—
Awe-ſtruck I ceaſe; nor bid my ſtrains aſpire,
Or ſerve his altar with unhallow'd fire[y].
Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Iſrael's fate,
And ſuch the glories of their infant ſtate.
—Triumphant race! and did your power decay?

[x] Joſh. x.
[y] Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

Fail'd the bright promiſe of your early day?
No;—by that ſword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant ſpoil, the ſtripling champion bore;
By him, the chief to fartheſt India known,
The mighty maſter[z] of the ivory throne;
In heaven's own ſtrength, high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner roſe:
Before her footſtool proſtrate nations lay,
And vaſſal tyrants crouch'd beneath her ſway.
—And he, the warrior ſage, whoſe reſtleſs mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd[a];
Who ev'ry bird, and beaſt, and inſect knew,

[z] Solomon. Ophir is by moſt geographers placed in the Aurea Cherſoneſus. See Tavernier and Raleigh.

[a] The Arabian mythology reſpecting Solomon is in itſelf ſo faſcinating, is ſo illuſtrative of the preſent ſtate of the country, and on the whole ſo agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildneſs might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

And ſpake of every plant that quaffs the dew;
To him were known—ſo Hagar's offspring tell—
The powerful ſigill and the ſtarry ſpell;
The midnight call, hell's ſhadowy legions dread,
And ſounds that burſt the ſlumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might; for, who could theſe oppoſe?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec roſe[b].
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Eſtakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converſe with the mournful wind,

[b] Palmyra ("Tadmor in the Deſert") was really built by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 2 Chron. viii.) and univerſal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Eſtakhar is alſo attributed to him by the Arabs. See the Romance of Vathek, and the various Travels into the Eaſt, more particularly Chardin's, in which, after a minute and intereſting deſcription of the majeſtic ruins of Eſtakhar, or Perſepolis, the ancient capital of Perſia, an account follows of the wild local traditions juſt alluded to. Vol. ii. p. 190. ed. Amſt. 1735. 4to. Vide alſo Sale's Koran; D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. (article Soliman Ben Daoud:) and the Arabian Nights Entertainments, paſſim.

There oft the houſeleſs Santon[c] reſts reclin'd;
Strange ſhapes he views, and drinks with wondering ears
The voices of the dead, and ſongs of other years.
Such, the faint echo of departed praiſe,
Still ſound Arabia's legendary lays;
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Iſrael[d]!
For thee his ivory load Behemoth[e] bore,
And far Sofala[f] teem'd with golden ore;
Thine all the Arts that wait on wealth's increaſe,
Or baſk and wanton in the beam of peace.

[c] It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary ſanctity, who wander about the country, ſleeping in caves or old ruins.

[d] Numbers xxiv. 5.

[e] Behemoth is ſometimes ſuppoſed to mean the elephant, in which ſenſe it is here uſed.

[f] An African port to the ſouth of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold-mines.

When Tyber ſlept beneath the cypreſs gloom,
And ſilence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or ere to Greece the builder's ſkill was known,
Or the light chiſel bruſh'd the Parian ſtone;
Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artiſt aid of friendly Tyre.
Then tower'd the palace, then in awful ſtate
The Temple rear'd its everlaſting gate [g].
No workman ſteel, no ponderous axes rung [h];
Like ſome tall palm the noiſeleſs fabric ſprung.
Majeſtic ſilence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet ſpoke;
And Salem ſpread her ſuppliant arms abroad,
View'd the deſcending flame, and bleſs'd the preſent God [i].

[g] Pſalm xxiv. 7.

[h] "There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of "iron, heard in the houſe while it was in building." 1 Kings vi. 7.

[i] "And when all the children of Iſrael ſaw how the fire

Nor ſhrunk ſhe then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her ſoul the billows of the proud [k].
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery ſand,
Till'd with reluctant ſtrength the ſtranger's land;
Who ſadly told the ſlow-revolving years,
And ſteep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;—
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their deſtin'd triumphs, and their glad return:
And their ſad lyres, which, ſilent and unſtrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,
And from the ſkies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this ſteel'd the martyr's
ſoul!

" came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the houſe, they
" bowed themſelves with their faces to the ground upon the
" pavement, and worſhipped." 2 Chron. vii. 3.

k Pſalm cxxiv. 4.

Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming thro' the ſky,
Burſt in full blaze the Day-ſpring from on high;
Earth's utmoſt iſles exulted at the ſight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, ſtar-led chiefs Aſſyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi ſeek their infant King!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celeſtial glory ſhed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal ſplendour dreſt,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian veſt;
Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
Of hoſts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Meſſiah comes:—let furious diſcord ceaſe;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace!
Diſeaſe and anguiſh feel his bleſt controul,
And howling fiends releaſe the tortur'd ſoul;

The beams of gladneſs hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the diſtant gloom.

Thou palſied earth, with noonday night o'erſpread!
Thou ſickening ſun, ſo dark, ſo deep, ſo red!
Ye hovering ghoſts, that throng the ſtarleſs air,
Why ſhakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are thoſe his limbs, with ruthleſs ſcourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twiſted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Rais'd from the croſs in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou ſun,—thou noonday night ariſe,
And hide, oh hide the dreadful ſacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's croſs your ſorrows ſhed,
Not for his ſake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep[1]!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race purſu'd;

[1] Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

Thy thirſty poniard bluſh'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting ſtill for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah rag'd, by ruffian Diſcord led,
Drunk with the ſteamy carnage of the dead:
He ſaw his ſons by dubious ſlaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-waſting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Deſpair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, ſtrong as Death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore [m].
Yet they, who wont to roam th' enſanguin'd plain,
And ſpurn with fell delight their kindred ſlain;
E'en they, when, high above the duſty fight,
Their burning Temple roſe in lurid light,
To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

[m] Joſeph. vi. p. 1275. Ed. Hudſ.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd;
To ſave their Temple every hand eſſay'd,
And with cold fingers graſp'd the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's laſt anger warm'd the dying man.

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with ſighs the iron ear of Rome:
To ſwell, ſlow pacing by the car's tall ſide,
The ſtoic tyrant's philoſophic pride [n];
To fleſh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The ſportive fury of the fencer's ſteel;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the ſultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Paleſtine.

[n] I know not how Titus has acquired his fame for humanity; but the cruelties of the brutal Domitian, or the frantic Caligula, are ſurely more excuſable than the barbarities which this man, with the ſmile of benignity on his countenance, and the cant of philoſophy on his tongue, exerciſed againſt a valiant people who dared to vindicate their liberty.

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coaſt,
She mourn'd her ſons enſlav'd, her glories loſt:
In her wide ſtreets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midſt her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim ſaint his murmuring veſpers paid;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the ſacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiſs Meſſiah's tomb:
While forms celeſtial fill'd his tranced eye,
The day-light dreams of penſive piety,
O'er his ſtill breaſt a tearful fervour ſtole,
And ſofter ſorrows charm'd the mourner's ſoul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artleſs zeal?
Too proud to worſhip, and too wiſe to feel?
Be his the ſoul with wintry Reaſon bleſt,
The dull, lethargic ſovereign of the breaſt!

Be his the life that creeps in dead repoſe,
No joy that ſparkles, and no tear that flows!
Far other they who rear'd yon pompous ſhrine [o],
And bade the rock with Parian marble ſhine [p].
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars ſmok'd, and Sion ſmil'd again.
There ſculptur'd gold and coſtly gems were ſeen,
And all the bounties of the Britiſh queen [q];
There barbarous kings their ſandal'd nations led,
And ſteel-clad champions bow'd the creſted head.
There, when her fiery race the deſert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's [r] ſword,
When coward Aſia ſhook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian [r] bow;

[o] The Temple of the Sepulchre.

[p] See Cotovicus, p. 179. and from him Sandys.

[q] St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colcheſter. See alſo Howel's Hiſt. of the World.

[r] The invaſions of the civilized parts of Aſia by the Arabian and Turkiſh Mahometans.

From the moiſt regions of the weſtern ſtar
The wandering hermit[s] wak'd the ſtorm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their ſouls all flame,
A countleſs hoſt, the red-croſs warriors came:
E'en hoary prieſts the ſacred combat wage,
And clothe in ſteel the palſied arm of age;
While beardleſs youths and tender maids[t] aſſume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.

[s] Peter the hermit. The world has been ſo long accuſtomed to hear the Cruſades conſidered as the height of frenzy and injuſtice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous taſk. We muſt however recollect, that, had it not been for theſe extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Chriſtianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falſely or weakly aſſerted, a conſpiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a diſtant and inoffenſive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a moſt powerful and active enemy. Had not the Chriſtian kingdoms of Aſia been eſtabliſhed as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the ſcanty remnant of Chriſtianity in Spain, muſt again have fallen into their power; and France herſelf have needed all the heroiſm and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from ſubjugation.

[t] See Vertot, Hiſt. Chev. Malthe. Liv. i.

In baſhful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion, and the ſun-like ſhield,
And ſtart to ſee their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue luſtre in Tabaria's[u] ſtream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran:
Impatient Death beheld his deſtin'd food,
And hovering vultures ſnuff'd the ſcent of blood.

Not ſuch the numbers nor the hoſt ſo dread
By northern Brenn[x], or Scythian Timur[x] led,
Nor ſuch the heart-inſpiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy ſhore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boaſtful mien advance[y],

[u] Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name uſed for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

[x] Brennus, and Tamerlane.

[y] The inſolence of the French nobles twice cauſed the ruin of the army; once by refuſing to ſerve under Richard Cœur

Form the long line[z], and ſhake the cornel lance;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in cloſe battalions ſtand
Auſonia's ſons, a ſoft inglorious band;
There the ſtern Norman joins the Auſtrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and ſlow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
Albion,—ſtill prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cauſe the freeman's generous blade!
Ye ſainted ſpirits of the warrior dead,
Whoſe giant force Britannia's[a] armies led!

de Lion, and again by reproaching the Engliſh with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's Hiſtory of the Turks.

[z] The line (*combat à la haye*) according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteriſtic of French tactics; as the column (*herſe*) was of the Engliſh. The Engliſh at Créçi were drawn up thirty deep.

[a] All the Britiſh nations ſerved under the ſame banner.

Sono gl' Ingleſi ſagittarii ed hanno

Whoſe bickering falchions, foremoſt in the fight,
Still pour'd confuſion on the Soldan's might;
Lords of the biting axe[b] and beamy ſpear,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!
At Albion's call your creſted pride reſume,
And burſt the marble ſlumbers of the tomb!
Your ſons behold, in arm, in heart the ſame,
Still preſs the footſteps of parental fame,
To Salem ſtill their generous aid ſupply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding iſle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,

> Gente con lor, ch' è più vicina al polo,
> Queſti da l'alte ſelve irſuti manda
> La diviſa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.
>
> Taſſo, Gieruſal. Lib. I. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve, were ſynonymous.

[b] The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's Hiſt. of Anc. Poetry.

Th' Apoſtate chief,—from Miſraim's ſubject ſhore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
When the pale deſert mark'd his proud array,
And Deſolation hop'd an ampler ſway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul diſmay'd?
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
Britannia's champion!—bath'd in hoſtile blood,
High on the breach the dauntleſs SEAMAN ſtood:
Admiring Aſia ſaw th' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale creſcent bleſs'd the Chriſtian's might.
Oh day of death! Oh thirſt, beyond controul,
Of crimſon conqueſt in th' Invader's ſoul!
The ſlain, yet warm, by ſocial footſteps trod,
O'er the red moat ſupplied a panting road;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier ſtill the griſly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the reſcu'd tower
The wavy croſs that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet ſtill deſtruction ſweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous ſword in vain.
Still o'er her ſky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her ſoul.
Yet ſhall ſhe riſe;—but not by war reſtor'd,
Not built in murder,—planted by the ſword.
Yes, Salem, thou ſhalt riſe: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chaſtening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppreſſor's ruthleſs ſway,
And burſt his brazen bonds, and caſt his cords away[c]
Then on your tops ſhall deathleſs verdure ſpring[d],
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye vallies, ſing!
No more your thirſty rocks ſhall frown forlorn,

[c] Pſalm ii. 3. cvii. 16.

[d] "I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increaſe o
"the field, that ye ſhall receive no more the reproach of fa
"mine among the heathen."—"And they ſhall ſay, This land
"that was deſolate is become like the garden of Eden," &c.
Ezek. xxxvi.

The unbeliever's jeſt, the heathen's ſcorn;
The ſultry ſands ſhall tenfold harveſts yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;
Courts the bright viſion of deſcending power [e],
Tells every gate, and meaſures every tower [f];
And chides the tardy ſeals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his deſtin'd reign.
And who is He? the vaſt, the awful form [g],
Girt with the whirlwind, ſandal'd with the ſtorm?
A weſtern cloud around his limbs is ſpread,
His crown a rainbow, and a ſun his head.
To higheſt heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;

e "That great city, the holy Jeruſalem, deſcending out of "heaven from God, having the glory of God." Rev. xxi. 10.

f Ezekiel xl.

g Rev. x.

And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time ſhall be no more!
Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones are ſet, and every ſaint is there[h];
Earth's utmoſt bounds confeſs their awful ſway,
The mountains worſhip, and the iſles obey;
Nor ſun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light[i];
And ſhall not Iſrael's ſons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne ſhall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again[k].

[h] Rev. xx.

[i] "And I ſaw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the ſun, neither of the moon, to ſhine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. xxi. 22.

[k] "Thus ſaith the Lord God unto theſe bones, Behold, I will cauſe breath to enter into you, and ye ſhall live."—"Then he ſaid unto me, Son of man, theſe bones are the whole houſe of Iſrael." Ezek. xxxvii.

Hark! white-rob'd crowds their deep hoſannas raiſe,
And the hoarſe flood repeats the ſound of praiſe;
Ten thouſand harps attune the myſtic ſong,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſaints the ſtrain prolong;—
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to ſave,
"Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

REGINALD HEBER,
BRAZEN-NOSE COLLEGE.

A

RECOMMENDATION OF THE STUDY

OF THE REMAINS OF

ANCIENT GRECIAN AND ROMAN

ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE,

AND

PAINTING;

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCVI.

And grace obeys fair Damer's ſoft controul
Through many a varied lineament of ſoul;
Yet, oh! unlike each nobler Grecian form,
With ſtrength majeſtic or with beauty warm,
Where all her mingling charms Expreſſion pour'd,
Admir'd by Valour, or by Love ador'd!

Lo! where retiring Venus ſhuns the eye,
And beauty vies with baſhful majeſty!
There mortal charms in lovelieſt union ſhine,
And all the Goddeſs crowns the bright deſign.
Thou, too, half-hid beneath thy dripping veil
Of many a moiſten'd treſs, Urania, hail!
To thee that dubious mien the ſculptor gave,
Fearing the ſhore, though ſhrinking from the wave.
Or ſee, where, graceful bending o'er his bow,
The quiver'd God's exulting features glow,
As, truſting to his arm's unerring might,
His look purſues the diſtant arrow's flight.

But ſhut, oh! ſhut the eye, where mid yon fold
Of creſted ſnakes Laocoon writhes enroll'd,
And drinks with tortur'd ear his children's cries,
Embittering death's convulſive agonies!

Riſe, ſlumbering Genius, and with throbbing heart
Adore theſe trophies of unrivall'd art;
Till each fine grace that gifted Maſters knew
In fairy viſion floating o'er thy view,
Perfection crown once more the living ſtone,
And Britain claim a Phidias of her own.

Not ſuch the hopes that bleſs th' enthuſiaſt's dream,
While ſad it wanders o'er each faded gleam,
That dimly ſhews to Painting's Muſe was given
The ſevenfold radiance of refulgent heaven,
When Genius ſtole the colours of the ſun,
And pour'd them o'er the wreath that Valour won!

Then turn the eye, where, ſpurning time's controul,
Art ſtamps on ſtone the triumphs of the ſoul:

With trembling awe ſurvey each hallow'd fane
Ennobling Greece mid Deſolation's reign;
Each pillar'd portico and ſwelling dome,
Proud o'er the proſtrate majeſty of Rome!
While o'er the ſcene each mould'ring temple throws,
Sacred to genius, undiſturb'd repoſe;
Thro' twilight's doubtful gloom his eye ſhall trace
The column's height enwreath'd with cluſt'ring grace;
The light-arch'd roof, the portal ſtretching-wide,
Triumphal monuments in armed pride;
Till bold conceptions burſting on his heart,
His ſkill ſhall graſp the inmoſt ſoul of art;
And Fame's green iſle her cloud-capt towers diſplay,
Where grace and grandeur rule with equal ſway.

JOHN WILSON,
MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

MOSES,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

CONDUCTING

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

FROM

EGYPT TO THE PROMISED LAND;

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCVII.

MOSES.

MOSES

CONDUCTING

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, &c.

OH for that ſpirit which on Moſes' lyre
Pour'd from the fount of light celeſtial fire,
Or which, 'mid Sion's courts, in later day,
Rais'd to ſublime the Monarch-Prophet's lay!
For high the theme theſe numbers would rehearſe,
High as e'er bleſt the happier Sons of Verſe!
A nation fetter'd, from a tyrant land
Snatch'd by an arm outſtretch'd, and mighty hand,
Through pathleſs wilds by ſigns and wonders led,
While ſwept twice twenty ſummers o'er its head,

And taught at length to rear its infant throne
In diſtant lands and regions not its own.
And aſk of days that were from elder time,
Aſk of yon orb which viſits every clime,
If e'er they heard, ſince firſt they roll'd along,
A theme ſo worthy of an Angel's ſong!

Great was the ſhout from glad Arabia's ſhore,
" Sunk is Nile's warrior pride to riſe no more!"
Sublime the triumph ſwells: to him, the Lord,
The God of Battles, wakes each tuneful chord;
Their full applauſe the deep-mouth'd clarions raiſe,
And virgin timbrels join their ſofter praiſe:
From thouſand altars holy perfumes riſe,
And myriads bow in one vaſt ſacrifice.

Are theſe the tribes which late by [a]Sihor's tide
Wept o'er their wrongs, and loud for vengeance cried?

[a] Another name for the Nile.

For them Hope beam'd not; but a night profound,
An endleſs night, ſeem'd gath'ring faſt around;
Yet did the Day-ſpring riſe, the captive's groan
Went not unheeded to his Father's throne;
He heard the mother's ſhriek, in anguiſh wild,
Aſk from the tyrant's hand her murder'd child [b];
He ſaw the toiling ſlave, th' inhuman lord,
And the keen tortures of the knotted cord.
Thrice-favour'd race! Jehovah's parent eye
Mark'd ev'ry tear, and number'd ev'ry ſigh!
And though full many a dreary age had ſhed
Slav'ry's worſt woes upon th' unſhelter'd head,
Though dark and long the night, yet morn could bring
Joy in its eye, and healing on its wing.

[b] Alluding to Pharaoh's edict for the deſtruction of all the male children.

[c] And lo! he comes, the Seer, whom Greece would claim
Her Guardian-Pow'r by many a fabled name;
Meekeſt of men, by God's own voice decreed
His choſen flock, with ſhepherd care, to lead;
For this was Mercy's arm outſtretch'd to ſave
His infant promiſe from an early grave,
When Nile's tam'd billow kiſs'd his ruſhy bed,
And the green ſnake play'd harmleſs o'er his head:
For this, when Science taught his wond'ring view
To read the ſtars, and look all nature through;
When Wealth and Honour led his Youth along,
And Pleaſure woo'd him with her Siren ſong;
For this (as warm'd he felt his ſpirit riſe,
And kindling claim its high-born deſtinies,)

[c] Huet has given a liſt of the different Deities ſuppoſed to be the ſame with Moſes.

For this he ſpurn'd them all; and now his hand
Sheds pale diſmay on Egypt's trembling land,
And waves exulting the triumphant Rod,
Iſrael's releaſe, and ſymbol of his God.

'Tis paſt—that hour of death! the eye of light
[d]On its own tow'rs looks down, in glory bright:
Yet ne'er on hoſt ſo vaſt its golden beam,
Waking, hath ſhone, as now, with mighty ſtream
Of mingled man and herd, from Goſhen's land
Pours frequent forth, a more than locuſt band.

They go; but all is ſilent as the tomb—
For look! where, column'd high in maſſy gloom,
Deep as the darkneſs of the coming ſtorm,
Moves ſlow before the hoſt a giant-form;
And ſee, as all the twilight landſcape fades,
A pale and dubious light the maſs pervades,

[d] Heliopolis.

And, as the night rolls on, the wondrous frame
Pours a broad glare, and brightens into flame:
'Tis not the beacon-fire, which wakes from far
The wand'ring ſons of rapine and of war;
'Tis not of night's fair lamp the ſilv'ry beam,
Nor the quick darting meteor's angry gleam;
No! 'tis the pillar'd cloud, "the torch of Heav'n,'
Pledge of the preſent God, by Mercy giv'n;
The ſacred boon, by Providence ſupplied,
By day to cover, and by night to guide.
And He the great, th' eternal Lord, whoſe might
All being owns, who ſpake, and there was light,
Who gave the Sun the tow'r of day to keep,
And the pale Moon to watch o'er nature's ſleep,
He, preſent ſtill, ſhall aid, ſhall ſafety yield,
Thy lamp by night, by day thy guide and ſhield.

Not ſuch their truſt, when by the Red Sea flood,
Trembling and faint, th' affrighted myriads ſtood;

When War foam'd fierce behind, and from the wave
Deſpair dark frowning yell'd, " Behold thy grave:"
When, ſpurr'd to inſult rude, th' impatient crowd
Chid the meek man of God, and murmur'd loud:
" Was it for this, that Nile's obedient flood
" Roll'd, at thy word, a ſea of death and blood?
" For this, to life did every ſand-grain ſpring,
" And Famine lurk beneath the inſect's wing?
" Was it for this, the Sun forgat to riſe,
" And midnight darkneſs veil'd the noonday ſkies?
" Or when, high-borne upon the ſweeping blaſt,
" Th' avenging Spirit of Deſtruction paſs'd,
" And dealt, with viewleſs arm, that mortal blow,
" Which laid the blooming hopes of Egypt low;
" Was it for this, the frowning Seraph ſtaid
" The fiery vengeance of his deathful blade;
" Bent on the hallow'd blood his alter'd eye,
" Own'd Mercy's pledge, and paſs'd innocuous by;

" And ſpar'd us, but to glut the ſavage ſword,
" Or groan once more beneath a tyrant lord ?"

Peace, impious doubts ! rebellious murmurs, hence !
Mark the rais'd wand, and truſt Omnipotence !—
'Tis done ! obedient to the high decree
Wave parts from wave, and ſea rolls back from ſea;
Till, ſudden check'd as by the wintry hand
Of the ſtern North, the ſolid waters ſtand.
The pillar'd flames, while gathering darkneſs falls,
Shed paſſing radiance on the cryſtal walls;
And now thoſe caves, where dwelt primeval Night,
Drink the warm ſpirit of the orient light;
Swift through th' abyſs the pure effulgence flies,
And earth's foundations burſt on human eyes.

But ſee ! where Egypt comes ! with ſteed and car,
And thouſands, panting for the ſpoils of war;
Bold waves her plume, and proud her banners gleam,
As now they baſk'd in Vict'ry's golden beam;

The war-trump ſpeaks; madd'ning ſhe ſpurns the
ſhores,
And through the yawning ſurges headlong pours.
But where is Egypt now? Where all her might,
Her ſteeds, her cars, her thouſands arm'd for fight?
Where is the banner'd pride that wav'd ſo high?
And where the trump that told of victory?
All, all are paſt; the chain'd and fetter'd deep,
Loos'd from its bonds, at one tremendous ſweep
Whelm'd all their hopes, and not a wreck is ſeen,
To tell to future times that they had been.—
And thou, infatuate Prince, of ſtubborn mould,
Aw'd by no terrors, by no pow'r controll'd!
Haſt thou too felt that arm thy ſoul defied?
How is thy glory fall'n! how chang'd thy pride!
For Hope had fondly deem'd thy death-cold clay
Should mock Corruption's worm, nor know de-
cay;

But ne'er thy ſcatter'd bones ſhall now be hid
In the dark bed of thy proud pyramid:
But thou, vain boaſter, and thy meaneſt ſlave,
Alike muſt glut the monſters of the wave.

And now, perchance, Redeem'd of Heav'n, for you
Hope paints new lands, in Fancy's faireſt hue;
Of ſcenes perchance ſhe tells, more heav'nly bleſt
Than Tempe's vale, or Leuce's fabled reſt,
Where vernal flowers 'mid Autumn's fruitage blow,
Where milky ſtreams and honied waters flow;
Ah, truſt her not! Yet ſtay, fond Flatt'rer, ſtay,
For long and ſad ſhall be the wand'rer's way,
And ſcarce an eye, that now ſo brightly beams,
Shall feaſt on Carmel's palms, or Siloa's ſtreams.
Then once again thy fairy viſion give,
Pour warmer tints, bid freſher colours live;
It muſt not be; before the tempeſt fly
Hope's rainbow hues, and darkneſs ſhrouds the ſky.

What now avail their days, with wonders bleſt,
Th' unwaſting ſandal and unchanging veſt?
What boots it now, that Morn's ambroſial dews
Uncloying ſweets, angelic food diffuſe?
That balmy Eve, upon her duſky wings,
A feather'd cloud, a heav'n-ſent banquet brings?
For, faint and feeble, on Rephidim's plain,
Lies, like a ſcatter'd fold, the ſinking train;
While the fluſh'd cheek and panting breaſt proclaim
That fierce within them burns the thirſty flame.
Around in vain they caſt th' imploring eye,—
'Tis all one waſte of ſand, one blaze of ſky!
Oh how their ſouls for Marah's waters yearn,
And aſk the bitter draught they late could ſpurn!
But paſt are Marah's ſtreams, and far away
O'er Elim's wells the verdant palm-trees play:
No more their hearts are cheer'd by Freedom's ſmile,
But many a warm ſigh ſpeeds, to where the Nile

Rolls its cool waves through bow'r or fertile plain,
And Life ſeems lovely, though it wear a chain.

But muſt they die? Will He, their Guardian Pow'r,
Forſake them in affliction's darkeſt hour?
No! He their pray'r hath heard; at His command,
The mighty leader lifts the ſov'reign wand;
Aſtoniſh'd Horeb feels, at ev'ry pore,
Strange waters guſh, and ſprings unknown before;
Swift o'er the ſands the new-born currents glide,
And breezes freſhen round the rolling tide.
In ſudden terror fix'd, and mute amaze,
Doubting awhile, th' exhauſted myriads gaze;
Then burſts their rapture forth; and young and old,
Crowd over crowd, like gathering ſurges, roll'd,
Preſs to the ſtream, and ſend to Heav'n a cry
Of high-rais'd joy, of grateful eccſtaſy.

And did thy ſons, with more than filial care,
Their Father's love in holieſt mem'ry bear?

And did no foul revolt, no deep-dy'd crime,
Stain the fair record of ſucceeding time?
Ah, witneſs Thou, whoſe zeal indignant trod
Prone in the duſt the people's idol-god!
Ah, witneſs Thou, that oft, in folly proud,
Ungrateful Judah ſpurn'd the faith he vow'd;
Tranſgreſs'd the Law by matchleſs wiſdom plann'd,
And dar'd the wrath of Heav'n's avenging hand.

Not ſuch your promiſe, falſe, apoſtate race,
When pale ye bow'd at Sinai's trembling baſe;
Shrunk from the trumpet's blaſt, and ſhook with fear,
As more than mortal accents met your ear.
Why didſt thou tremble, Sinai? Why were ſpread
Clouds and thick darkneſs round thy myſtic head?
Why like a furnace glow'd thy groaning womb,
And ſhot red volumes through th' inveſting gloom?
Let him declare, who in that dread abode,
Tremendous thought! held converſe with his God!

And ſure no mortal voice was that, whoſe ſound
Huſh'd the big thunders pealing full around;
No mortal voice was that, whoſe mighty din
Shook the firm frame, and mov'd the ſoul within:
No, from yon cloud eternal accents brake,
And He, the God of gods, Jehovah ſpake;
Earth, ſeas, and ſkies confeſs'd th' almighty word
Which gave them birth; which muſt again be heard,
When, like a vapour, they ſhall melt away—
Oh glorious morn! Oh great, terrific day!
Such as hath never been, ſince firſt, when Time
Through hymning orbs began his march ſublime;
Nor ſhall be more, till, wrapt in billowy fire,
Worlds headlong ruſh, and Nature's ſelf expire.

Yet tho' by God's own voice the Law was giv'n,
Grav'd by His hand, in characters of Heav'n;
Though Mercy ſmil'd, though threat'ning Vengeance
frown'd,

Jacob's falſe ſons Jehovah's pow'r diſown'd;
Yet ſtill His eye watch'd o'er them, ſtill He ſpread
His guardian pinions o'er His people's head,
Still bore them on, till, in triumphal pride,
Their ſacred banner wav'd o'er Jordan's tide.

And He, their Prieſt, their Prophet, and their Chief,
Source of their bliſs, and ſolace of their grief,
Oh muſt not He through Jordan's refluent wave
Still lead the hoſt, his arm ſo oft could ſave?
Muſt not thoſe hands, which, heav'nward rais'd, made wreck
Of the proud hopes of ſtubborn Amalek;
Which bow'd pale Baſhan's thouſands in the fight,
And cruſh'd th' aſpiring creſt of Sihon's might,
Muſt not thoſe hands, with vengeance not their own,
Tear haughty Canaan from his guilty throne?
No, Meribah forbids; yet Mercy's pray'r
Smooths the dark frown which Juſtice ſeem'd to wear.

From Piſgah's hallow'd height the Seer ſurveys
Scenes yet to be, and deeds of future days;
Sees, unaſſail'd, the firm and ſolid wall
Bow to the clanging war-trump's ſev'nfold call;
Views federate monarchs, trembling and diſmay'd,
Bend to the conquering might of Joſhua's blade;
And kindling marks, in triumph's happieſt hour,
Jehovah's banner float from Salem's tow'r.
But, gift diviner far! his raptur'd eyes
See the true Prophet, the Meſſiah riſe,
View Heav'n reveal'd, and, as from ſcenes too bright
Retiring, ſhrink into the ſhades of night.

Where, boaſt of Iſrael, is thy ſecret tomb [c]?
Did Earth receive thee to her parent womb?
Did Seraph-hands prepare the viewleſs pyre?
Or didſt thou mount unchang'd on wings of fire?

[c] Deut. xxxiv. 6. "But no man knoweth of his tomb to "this day."

For many a tear o'er thee did Iſrael ſhed,
And mourn'd thy ſpirit, as thy cold corſe, dead;
Nor cauſeleſs mourn'd, for ne'er their thoughts could
riſe
To deathleſs life, to worlds beyond the ſkies:
O it was dark with them; to their weak ſight
The future all was wrapt in deepeſt night;
Or trembling Hope the diſtant ſcene diſplay'd
Dim as the morn's grey dawn, or ev'ning's ſhade.
But on our view, bright beaming from afar,
Breaks the bleſt ray of Bethlehem's Morning Star,
While, purg'd from ev'ry film, Faith's angel eye
Mocks Time's thin veil, and ſcans Eternity.
For Chriſt, our holier Paſſover, is ſlain,
Lamb without ſpot, and pure from ev'ry ſtain,
Pledge of that love, whoſe might reſiſtleſs broke
Sin's fiercer reign, and Satan's heavier yoke!

And He is preſent ſtill—He ſtill ſhall bleſs
The thorny path of life's rough wilderneſs.
He ſtill bids ſprings of living water riſe,
And heav'nly food, with ceaſeleſs care, ſupplies.
And when by Death's cold ſtream we trembling ſtand,
The Stream which bars us from our Promis'd Land,
His voice ſhall calm our fears, His hand ſhall guide
Our fainting footſteps through that fiercer tide,
And land us ſafely on our Canaan's ſhore,
Where Toil, and Tears, and Death are known no more.

MATTHEW ROLLESTON,
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MAHOMET:

A

PRIZE POEM,

RECITED

IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCVIII.

ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT propoſed.—Mahomet's triumphant return to Mecca—Apoſtrophe to the Caaba—legends connected with it.—The Prophet's feelings on reviewing the cave of Hera—the poem now reverts to the firſt idea and developement of his impoſture, of which that cave had been the ſcene—obſtacles to his early ſucceſs—his courage under them—his flight from Mecca, and concealment in the cave of Thor—return to his preſent ſituation—he reſolves to propagate his religion by the ſword—his addreſs to his ſoldiers, including a deſcription of the Mahometan paradiſe and hell—its effect upon them—the conqueſt of Arabia—Mahomet, tired of war, reſigns himſelf to pleaſure—the lovelineſs of marriage ſuperior to the delights of the Haram.—Mahomet's death—does not check the progreſs of his religion—the fall of Byzantium—the arms and doctrines of the Moſlems overrun Paleſtine—Africa—India.—Concluſion.

MAHOMET.

OF him, th' Impoſtor, who, in Mecca's fane,
Rear'd the dark throne of Falſehood's impious reign;
Bade vanquiſh'd Faith confeſs his Prophet-nod,
And bath'd in blood the altars of his God;
Of him my Song would tell: nor Ye the theme,
Nymphs of Caſtalia! ſcorn, by your fair ſtream
Though yet unheard; for not more vaſt his ſway,
Who to Hydaſpes urg'd his victor way;
From Weſt to Eaſt his rapid thunders hurl'd,
And, ſtill unſated, aſk'd another world.

Huſh'd is the war; the torn and trampled ſlain
Tell that the fight was fierce on Beder's[a] plain;

[a] The ſcene of Mahomet's firſt great battle.

While Faith's dark banner, as a gorgeous pall,
In awful triumph, waves from Mecca's wall.
And ſee! where, rais'd above Medina's bands,
High on the ſane, th' Impoſtor-Prophet ſtands;
The ſword of Conqueſt ſlumbers in his ſheath,
And twice two hundred Idols blaze beneath.
No more, with burniſh'd caſque and beamy lance,
In ſtern array, Mohammed's hoſts advance;
In the mean Ibrahm [b] clad, with head and feet
All bare, and naked to the bliſt'ring heat,
Like lions tam'd, ſedate in conſcious pride,
The warrior pilgrims ſwell the gath'ring tide;
And, 'mid the loud-ſung praiſe, or whiſper'd vow,
In lowlieſt guiſe, before the Temple bow.

Illuſtrious Fane! from age to age ador'd
By deſpot chieftain, and by robber horde;
Pole-ſtar of pray'r! to thee, at early dawn,

[b] The Ibrahm is the dreſs of the pilgrims.

Noon-tide, and eve, Faith's ardent eye is drawn,
And from each clime, where zeal for Iſlam burns,
Alike to thee, its hallow'd centre, turns;
To thee Arabia's loveliest gems belong,
Her ſev'n-ſtring'd[c] Harp, her faireſt flowers of ſong.
And ſacred is thy dome; for legends feign,
Cloud-like, from Heav'n it ſank on Mecca's plain;
And here, 'tis fabled, Hagar's outcaſt child
Found peace and ſafety from the thirſty wild,
Drank of thy[d] well, by Mercy's Angel led,
And pillow'd on thy[e] ſtone his wearied head.
Here too Mohammed firſt, by pow'r, by rage
Unaw'd, dar'd ope the Koran's myſtic page;
And now, illuſtrious Fane, with heart elate,
As bends once more the Prophet at thy gate,

[c] Alluding to the ſeven Arabian poems ſuſpended in the Caaba.

[d] The ſacred well, *Zemzem*.

[e] A large black ſtone, uſually ſtyled, "the ſtone of Abra-"ham."

Medina's lord, high thoughts, though ill repreſs'd,
Yet mocking utt'rance, burn within his breaſt.
But when by Eve's pale planet Hera's [f] cell,
Dear, cheriſh'd ſcene, where penſive muſings dwell,
Lone he reviſits, o'er his glowing ſoul
Far livelier joys, far keener tranſports roll;
Fond Mem'ry's touch recalls each faded hue,
And all the paſt comes ruſhing on his view.

For, in that cell, by that pale planet's light,
Oft had he watch'd, in youth, the ſleepleſs night,
And there would ſit in ſolemn thought, and brood
O'er his firſt woes, his orphan [g] ſolitude;
Would ſcan his high deſcent, his princely race,
And the long line from ſainted Iſhmael trace.
Then, how his ſoul would ſwell, his boſom beat,
How fluſh his dark cheek with unwonted heat,

[f] A cavern at a ſmall diſtance from Mecca, to which the youthful Enthuſiaſt nightly retired.

[g] Mahomet was left an orphan at a very early age.

As Fancy, with Ambition's phrenſy warm'd,
Shapes dimly grand, and ſhadowy phantoms form'd!
A new-born Faith, a Prophet's glorious name,
Conqueſt, and kingly Pow'r, and deathleſs Fame
Obſcurely mingled, like a fev'riſh dream,
Or twilight landſcape—but the ſober beam
Of riſing Reaſon chas'd each wild'ring ſhade,
And Fancy ſhrank from what herſelf had made.

But ſtill the ſtar of Eve, as darkneſs fell,
Saw the lone man in Hera's ſecret cell:
Still, with new fires, Ambition's phrenſy burn'd,
Still Fancy's ſhadowy ſcene more ſtrong return'd,
And ſtill th' Enthuſiaſt drank, with greedier gaze,
The dawning glories of ſucceeding days,
And well-nigh deem'd ſome ſacred impulſe giv'n,
Some Angel-viſion from according Heav'n.
Shapes, dim of late, by Hope's broad beam illum'd,
A fuller form, a bolder tint aſſum'd;

Till the vaſt Whole in bright ſucceſſion mov'd,
And Reaſon doubted, wonder'd, and approv'd.

But few the fruits that crown'd his early toil,
For rude the clime, and ſtubborn was the ſoil.
Blind bigot Zeal, with Pride of jealous mind,
And ancient Faith in hoſtile league combin'd;
Vain then was Anger's threat, and Flatt'ry's ſtrain,
And ſoft Perſuaſion's honied breath were vain.

Yet burn'd unquench'd the fever of his ſoul,
And Hope ſtill ſpurr'd him to the glitt'ring goal.
Not, though (thus proud his vaunt [h]) the Solar blaze
Should pour around him all its countleſs rays;
Not, though, to check his glory's high career,
The full-orb'd Moon ſhould quit her ſtarry ſphere;
Not, o'er his head ſhould craſhing Thunders peal,
And yawning Hell his laſt abyſs reveal,

h "If they ſhould place the ſun on my right hand, and "the moon on my left, they ſhould not divert me from my "courſe." Gibbon's Rom. Emp. vol. ix. p. 285.

Back would he ſhrink, but ſtill right onward bear,
And draw new fire, new fury from deſpair.
Not ſuch his boaſt, when, thro' th' involving ſhade,
Trembling, he fled before the Koreiſh blade;
Not ſuch, when, ſad in Thor's[i] dark cave reclin'd,
He caught the moanings of the midnight wind;
While Terror heard, in ev'ry paſſing breath,
The keen purſuer's ſtep, the ſound of death.
Exile of Mecca! in that fearful hour,
Who was thy ſhield, thy bulwark, and thy tow'r?
Say, was it he[k], that Seraph ſon of fire,
Who wont thy lonely muſings to inſpire;
Who bore thee thro' the night-air's drear expanſe[l],
On wing more rapid than a ſhot-ſtar's glance;

[i] Three days and three nights Mahomet lay concealed in this cavern after his flight from Mecca.

[k] Gabriel, with whom the Impoſtor pretended to hold frequent converſe.

[l] This alludes to his famous night-journey to Heaven.

Op'd to thy feet Heaven gate, and to thine eye
Bar'd the full blaze of cloudleſs Deity?
No—it was He, at whoſe divine command,
Famine and Plague afflict the guilty land;
Whoſe awful will th' unconſcious winds perform,
Who wings the lightning, and appoints the ſtorm;
His heav'nly counſels, too ſublime for man,
His ſecret mind decreed thy lengthen'd ſpan:
[m] He bade the dove her ſaving labours ply,
To ſtay th' intruding foot, the ſearching eye;
He hung with inſect web the rock-ſtone rude,
To tell that all within was ſolitude;
[n] Unſeen, He ſnatch'd thee from th' unequal ſtrife,
And gave thee back to liberty and life.

[m] We are told, that, when Mahomet was concealed in the cave of Thor, his purſuers were induced to retire, by the ſight of a pigeon's neſt and ſpider's web, whence they concluded the place was ſolitary and inviolate.

[n] He was overtaken by the Koreiſhites, but eſcaped.

Tis thus, while Conqueſt waves his crimſon wing,
And proſtrate Mecca hails her Prophet-King,
As, oft through Hera's mountain-cave he ſtrays,
Comes o'er his breaſt the thought of other days;
And it is ſweet, 'mid Vict'ry's ſmiles, to muſe
On Peril paſt, and Fortune's changeful hues,
Sweet, as to weary mariner the roar
Of winds and waves, that he ſhall tempt no more.
For now is Peril paſt, and Toil and Dread,
Like the thin cloud at ſummer dawn, are fled;
And with them Mercy vaniſh'd; the rude ſound
Of Triumph's joy her parting accents drown'd;
Impoſture caſts th' unneeded veil away,
And bares his front, unbluſhing, to the day;
No flatt'ry now is his, no honied breath,
Nought but the ſtern award, "Belief or Death."

Gay ſhines the morn, and light the ſunbeams glance
From mail, and creſted helm, and quiv'ring lance;

Loud clangs the trump ; with ſhout and martial ſtate
The anſw'ring legions pour through Mecca's gate ;
Part borne aloft on neighing ſteed, and part
On foot ſlow-pacing ; but the ſame full heart
Seems each to urge, as each, with conſcious might,
Graſps the ſheath'd blade, and, eager, pants for fight.
And ſee, where tow'rs the Prophet-Chief on high,
Strength nerves his arm, Defiance lights his eye !
With kindling ſoul he views the length'ning train,
And holds, in pride of thought, unbounded reign ;
Then, as the glowing ſcenes his breaſt inſpire,
Lifts his tall ſpear, and pours the word of fire.

" Soldiers of God ! whoſe manly hearts beat high,
" With valorous zeal, and ardent piety ;
" Who burn your Prophet's name abroad to ſpread,
" And deal Heav'n's vengeance on th' unfaithful head ;
" Soldiers of God, with dauntleſs ſouls advance,
" Smile at the ſabre, and defy the lance !

" 'Tis yours, if, ſeam'd with many a hallow'd ſcar,
" Stern Azrael [o] ſnatch you from the graſp of War,
" O'er Sirat's [p] bridge, with lightning-ſpeed, to fly,
" And ſpring at once to ſeven-fold ecſtaſy.
" Yes, it is yours 'mid argent fields to ſtray,
" Space without bound, and everlaſting day;
" Gardens as Eden fair, where Love ſhall ſtrew
" Freſh flow'rs, freſh ſweets, that Eden never knew;
" For Beauty, blooming in eternal charms,
" Wooes warrior Valour to her virgin arms;
" And, crown'd with thornleſs roſes, young Deſire
" Feeds Rapture's flame with never-dying fire.
" There, while your vermeil [q] wounds atone each
" crime,

[o] Azrael is the Angel of Death.

[p] A bridge, which, according to the Mohametan faith, all diſembodied ſpirits muſt paſs in their way either to Paradiſe or Hell: the former ſhall traverſe it with " lightning-ſpeed."

[q] " Their wounds ſhall be reſplendent as vermilion." Gibbon.

" And add new grace to Manhood's goodly prime,
" There, thro' green meads unwearied ſhall ye rove,
" Breathe the ſtill freſhneſs of the twilight grove,
" Or by ſome ſtreamlet's palmy marge recline,
" And drain, uncheck'd [r], rich juices of the vine,
" Till o'er each ſenſe delicious languor creep,
" More ſoft, more ſoothing, than the dews of Sleep.
" Such is your lot, if Honour build your tomb;
" Not ſo, if coward Baſeneſs ſeal your doom.
" What, 'mid yon [s] barren wilds, tho' whirlwinds
" bring
" Thirſt and Deſpair upon their ſanded wing;
" Yet heav'nly are thoſe wilds to Vaults, where Pain
" And ſcorpion Torments hold eternal reign.
" There, wrapt in fires, that aſk no feeding oil,

[r] Alluding to their preſent reſtriction from the uſe of wine.

[s] The ſoldiers complained of the heat of the deſert; " Hell " is much hotter," replied the indignant Prophet. Gibbon, vol. ix. p. 319.

" With fierceſt heat your madd'ning brain ſhall boil,
" Till, parch'd and black, your fleſh, by flames em-
" brac'd,
" Shrivel, like palm-leaves on the deſert waſte.
" Nor think, one drop from rank and ſtagnant pool,
" One ſmalleſt drop, your burning tongues ſhall cool;
" Worlds ſhould not buy it; but one ſulph'rous wave,
" Unfathom'd flood, your writhing limbs ſhall lave[t].
" Then on to fight, and Allah nerve your hands!
" And lo! e'en now, methinks, Angelic[u] bands
" Hang o'er our foes, and, from the car of flame,
" Launch the red bolt, the forked lightnings aim.
" Nor ſhrink! for know, to each th' Eternal Mind,
" Excluding Chance, his death-day hath aſſign'd;

[t] All the preceding images, both of pleaſure and pain, are accurately copied from the Koran.

[u] It is fabled, that at the battle of Beder 3000 Angels ſupported the troops of Mahomet, and that many of theſe heavenly warriors conſtantly accompanied his army.

" Peace could not ſhield from its predeſtin'd pow'r,
" War's thouſand perils cannot haſte its hour—
" Then on to fight! and be the battle-word,
" Woe to the Proud, the Koran or the Sword!"

Swift as th' electric ſhock, the fervor runs
From rank to rank, and burns thro' Mecca's ſons.
Hope leads the van; while preſs upon the rear
Diſhonour foul, and hell-foreboding Fear:
Inſtant each blade leaps willing from its ſheath,
And on they ruſh to conqueſt or to death.

Weep, loſt Arabia, Land of ſadneſs, weep!
Rude o'er thy head the ſtorms of battle ſweep.
Oft have thy deſerts heard the angry roar
Of midnight tiger, all athirſt for gore;
Oft have they ſeen the Simoom's purple blaſt
Shed Plague, and Death, and Ruin as it paſs'd;
Yet not the Simoom's blaſt, nor Beaſt of night,
Rag'd half ſo fierce as Mecca's Fiends of fight.

Dreadful they came; and, as the torrent flood
Rolls down its ſtream huge rock and ancient wood,
Till all, ſave where ſome ſcatter'd ſtems remain,
Lies one wide wat'ry ſcene, one liquid plain;
So, thro' thy land, each tribe and wand'ring horde
Sank trembling down before Mohammed's ſword,
And to the Koran's ſterner rule reſign'd
The charter'd birthright of a free-born mind;
Save that ſome nobler few, content to roam,
Their wealth the jav'lin, and the waſte their home,
Dar'd live, tho' poor yet proud, tho' exil'd free,
Or die, the martyr-ſons of Liberty.

But, fated now with blood, and bow'd with ſpoils,
Shrinks Mecca's Lord from War's ſeverer toils,
And, while his hell-hounds track the deadly ſcent,
Sleeps in the roſy ſhade of Pleaſure's tent.
As round him Beauty's varied bloſſoms riſe,
On vagrant wing, from flow'r to flow'r he flies,

And drinks, as Chance or guiltier Choice impels,
Unhallow'd waters from an hundred wells.

Slave of thy lawleſs Will's imperious reign !
Oh ! hadſt thou known to burſt th' ignoble chain ;
Hadſt known to quench the flame of wild Deſire,
And light at Hymen's torch Love's chaſter fire—
Affection's ſmile had cheer'd thy parting gloom,
And widow'd Virtue ſorrow'd o'er thy tomb !

For high the bliſs that waits on Wedded Love,
Beſt, pureſt emblem of the bliſs above !
To draw new raptures from another's joy ;
To ſhare each grief, and half its ſting deſtroy ;
Of one fond heart to be the Slave and Lord,
Bleſs and be bleſs'd, adore and be ador'd ;
To own the link of ſoul, the chain of mind,
Sublimeſt Friendſhip, Paſſion moſt refin'd ;
Paſſion, to life's laſt evening-hour ſtill warm,
And Friendſhip, brighteſt in the darkeſt ſtorm—

Lives there, but would, for bleſſings ſo divine,
The crowded Haram's ſullen joys reſign!

But ſtill, Mohammed, rove; ſtill bid thy ſoul
Drain the foul dregs of Pleaſure's madd'ning bowl;
Still ſwell thy pow'r, with pride ſtill feed thy heart—
Yet know, thy pow'r, thy pride ſhall ſoon depart!
For not the Haram's joys, not Pleaſure's draught,
Tho' to its dregs the madd'ning bowl be quaff'd;
Not all th' ideal Prophet's high renown,
The Victor's laurel, and the Monarch's crown,
Can the ſlow [x] venom check, whoſe mortal force
Hath thro' thy veins, for four long years, its courſe
Wound unperceiv'd, and gradual, in its way,
Pal'd thy cheek's bloom, and dimm'd thine eye-ball's day.

Medina, thou whoſe guardian arm outſpread
Firſt gave its ſafety to thy Prophet's head!

[x] Mahomet died by ſlow poiſon, adminiſtered to him four years previous to his deceaſe.

Again, fond City, ope thy ſhelt'ring breaſt,
Again receive him to thy ſeat of reſt!
But not, as then, prepar'd his brow to gem
With purple pomp, and kingly diadem,
But his frail duſt to ſhroud; for now his Sun
Is ſet in Death's cold ſhade, his Race is run;
And O! may Darkneſs, deep as ancient night,
Cloſe o'er his name, and veil it from the ſight!

Vain, fruitleſs wiſh! no mighty voice hath ſaid,
"Here, Sea of ruin, ſhall thy waves be ſtay'd;"
But ſtill they roll reſiſtleſs; on the tide
Enſanguin'd Zeal and gaunt Ambition ride.
Byzantium ſinks o'erwhelm'd, and fades away
The laſt faint beam of Latium's brighter day,
While Rome's[y] proud Eagle, he, whoſe pinions wav'd
O'er Libya's ſtrand, and Thule's tempeſt brav'd,

[y] Alluding to the removal of the ſeat of empire from Rome to Conſtantinople, and the ſubſequent conqueſt of that city by the votaries of Mahomet.

With flagging wing, and creſt to earth bow'd low,
Indignant dies beneath a Moſlem's blow.

Alas for Paleſtine! her palmy vale,
Her grove of nard that ſcented ev'ry gale,
Her corn-lands thick with ſheaves, her cryſtal rills,
Her flocks that feed upon a thouſand hills,
Her Faith—than flocks, and groves, and vales more dear—
All own the triumphs of Medina's ſpear.

For Afric weep! her rich and radiant ſtore,
From Ophir rifled, gem and golden ore;
Her ravag'd lands, that erſt ſo beauteous ſmil'd,
From Nile's fair bank to Niger's margin wild;
Her Sons, immers'd in Slav'ry's darkeſt night,
All tell the ruffian Moſlem's conqu'ring might.

But oh! if yet the tide of ſong may flow
In ſadder ſtream, and murmur deeper woe;
If yet one tear be warm in Pity's urn—
That tear, that ſong, to waſted India turn!

For ſhe was happy once; her citron groves
Sigh'd to the whiſpers of the pureſt loves;
Her proud Pagodas, in the Firſt of time,
Saw Science born, and wondrous Lore ſublime;
Lovely, ſhe ſlept in Caſhmere's fairy bow'rs,
Or ſat enthron'd on Delhi's ſtrength of tow'rs.
How chang'd the ſcene! pale Hymen's altar falls;
Th' impure Seraglio rears its priſon-walls;
Steals o'er the ſoul the Koran's chilling gloom,
And Science weſtward bends her parting plume.

But Time ſpeeds on; and tho' th' Impoſtor's pow'r
Fiercely hath rag'd its dark and dreadful hour;
Tho' rude o'er Afric's ſands the whirlwind paſs'd,
And Aſia rock'd beneath the rolling blaſt—
Yet Hope, ſoft-ſmiling, lifts her Seraph form,
And points to ſun-bright days, beyond the ſtorm!

Hail, ſun-bright days!—more fair, than was, of old,
Saturnian age, by fabling Fancy told—

Hail, ſun-bright days! bring on your radiant train,
Peace, Mercy, Love, reſume your halcyon reign;
Bid ancient Lore, and claſſic Taſte refin'd,
Raiſe the low thought, and harmonize the mind;
While heav'n-born Truth, (tho' dimm'd, forbid to fade,)
With beam, more ſtrong from Error's tranſient ſhade,
Breaks forth unclouded, and on Mecca's night
Pours the full flood of everlaſting light.

MATTHEW ROLLESTON,
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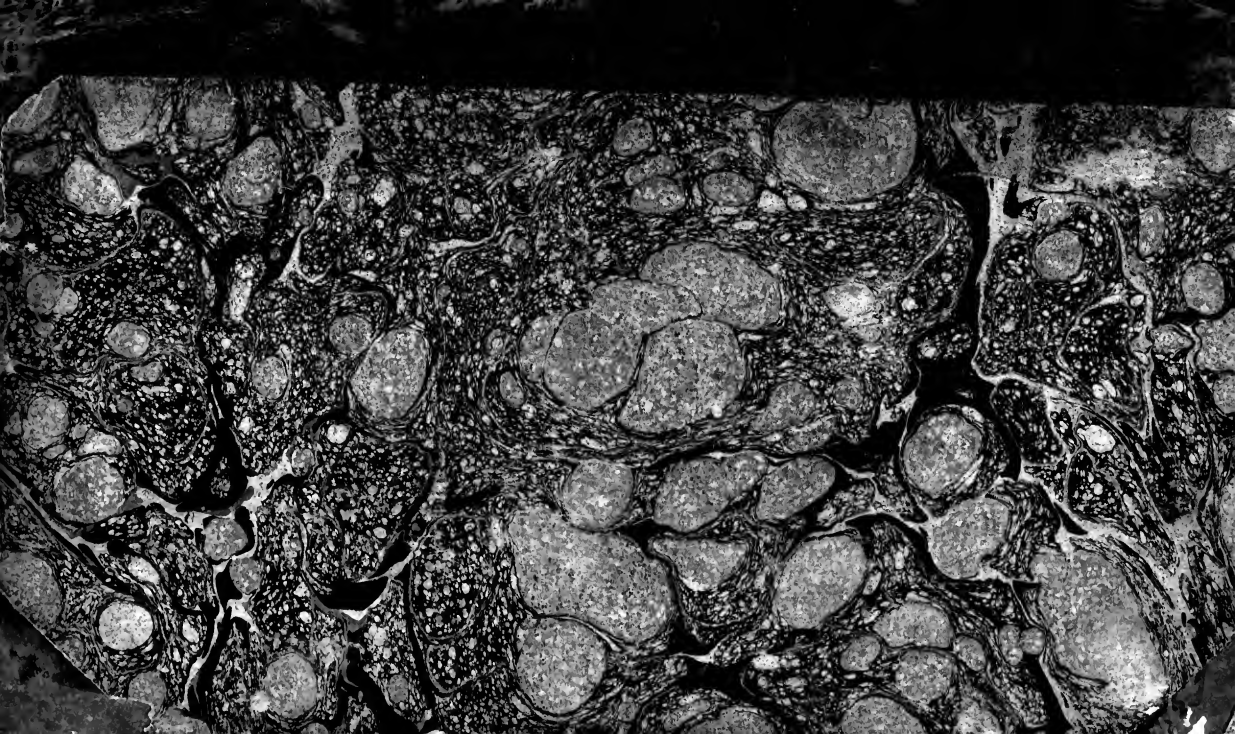
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